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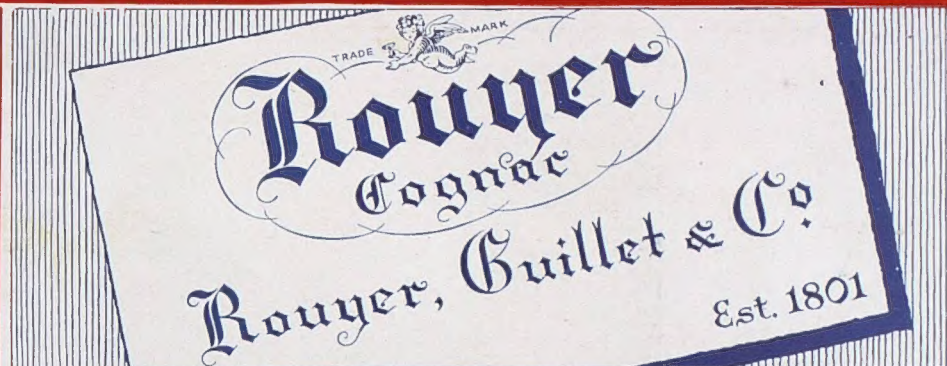
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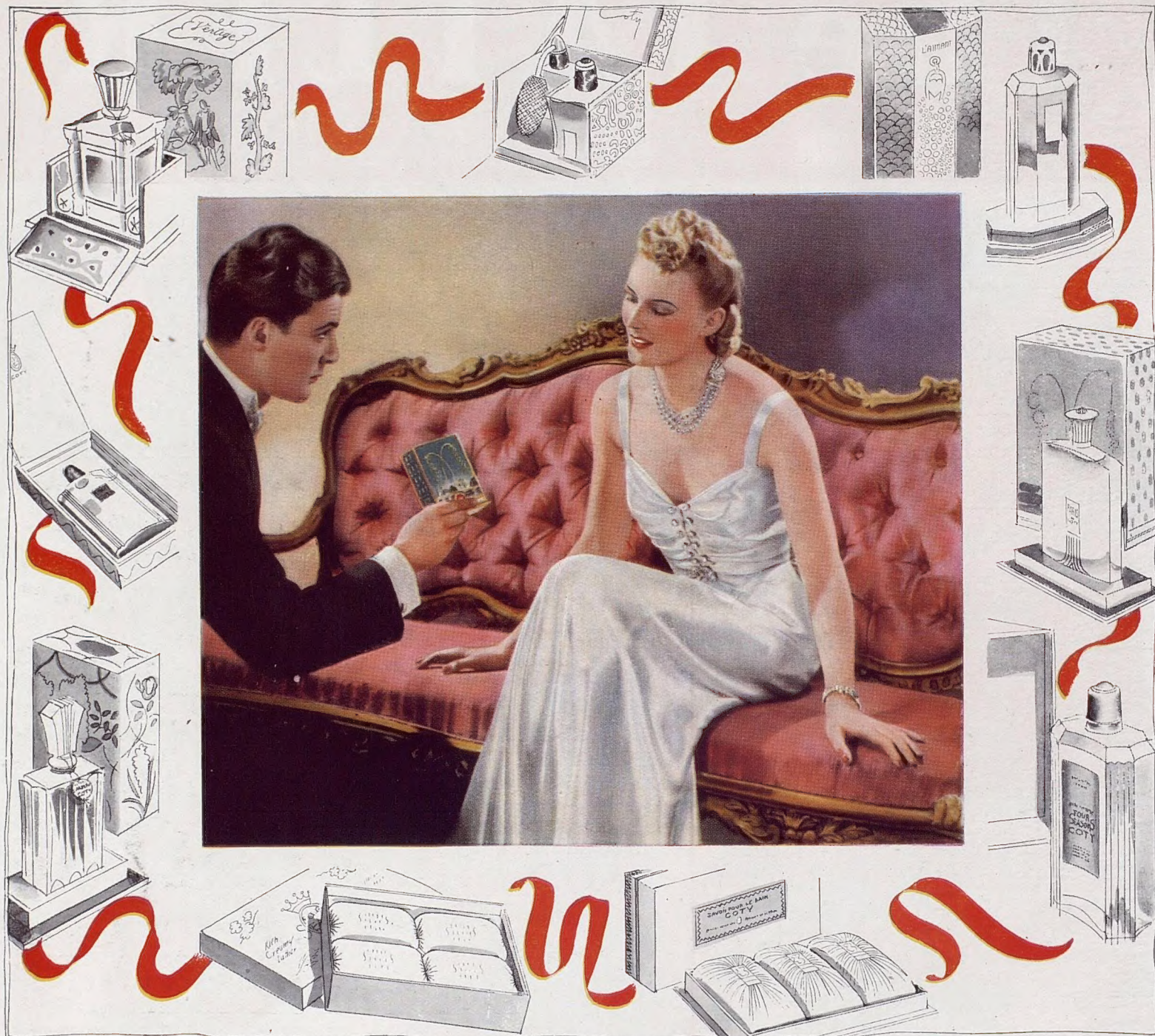
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THE TATLER

LONDON
NOVEMBER 27, 1940

and BYSTANDER

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Catherine Bell

To Marry Captain Lord Sudeley

Miss Elizabeth Mary Bromley, third daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Arthur Bromley, of 26 Cadogan Square, is to be married on Saturday, at Christ Church, Westminster, to Captain Lord Sudeley, Royal Horse Guards, only son of the late Major the Hon. A. H. C. Hanbury-Tracy, and of the Hon. Mrs. Hanbury-Tracy, who succeeded his uncle, the fifth Lord Sudeley, in 1932. Rear-Admiral Bromley is heir-presumptive of Sir Maurice Bromley-Wilson, Bart., and has been Gentleman Usher to the King since 1927, and Ceremonial and Reception Secretary, Dominions and Colonial Office, since 1931. His wife is the daughter of the late Hon. James Dunsmuir of Hatley Park, Victoria, British Columbia. The Bromleys' soldier son Rupert was married in 1935 to Miss Vera Selby, only daughter of the British Ambassador to Portugal, Sir Walford Selby, and Lady Selby



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Return of de Gaulle

AFTER a prolonged absence in West Africa General de Gaulle returns to London. He left here to lead the ill-starred operation at Dakar, and remained on to direct some lesser affairs which have resulted in bringing the Gabon colony under the flag of Free France. Most people will agree that it is better he should be back in close contact with the British Government, which must remain the directing organisation of all Allied war effort.

General de Gaulle is a fine soldier, though perhaps less expert in diplomacy. His place in Africa is taken by General Catroux, who

Hitler's Many Problems

LAST week M. Pierre Etienne Flandin stepped out into the ring in open support of the Laval policy. What a friend to Britain he has proved! Quite a number of important London hosts must by now be regretting that they took him quite so deeply into their hearts and homes. But M. Flandin, like M. Laval, has no considerable following among the mass of the French populace.

All this is rather tiresome for Hitler. It would not suit his book just now to have a hostile France and an unresponsive Spain; still less to take steps which would force General Weygand to break with his Vichy colleagues and openly to raise the standard of resistance in North Africa.

General Franco, now fully persuaded that good relations with Britain and the United States mean more to his countrymen than a hypothetical extension of Spanish territorial possessions, allowed his brother-in-law, Señor Serrano Suñer, to go off on another round of visits to the Axis leaders; among whom must be included M. Laval. But that is not to say that Señor Suñer's mandate was any wider than on the occasion of his previous trips to Germany and Italy. Even so, it seems that General Franco's supporters in the army, and other "Sane Spain" elements, took grave exception to this latest outing.

The European egg is not yet hatched out, and it is evident that a number of shrewd Continental judges are beginning to wonder whether it may not prove to be addled. Like other of Hitler's time bombs—to change the metaphor—this one may prove after many weeks to be a dud. Hitler's method of dealing with such a situation must surely involve the use of dynamite. In other words we must

probably be on the alert for some new and violent German activity between now and the end of the year. We may speculate as to which countries will be the sufferers.

Rumania Becomes Desperate

ANY one with half an eye could have seen that the Iron Guard Party in Rumania would quickly come to rue the day when it compounded with the Nazis and allowed them to take over everything in their country that matters. In their new awareness the lads of the Iron Guard are turning to Italy in the desperate hope that Mussolini will be able to do something for them. On the face of it this hope seems somewhat forlorn.

Writing in advance of the event I should guess that Count Teleki and Count Csaky, of Hungary, are now fairly well convinced that Hungary is about to be fully occupied by Germany. And since Italy is badly held up in Greece, the chances that Mussolini will be able to do something for Rumanian independence appear negligible. With an unresponsive population and depleted larders and armouries the Duce seems to be getting ever deeper into the German net.

Meantime the Axis leaders continue their merry game of arranging the new Europe of their dreams. They have lived for so long in a world of make-believe that their every action may seem to them perfectly rational. Sometimes one is forced to wonder whether men of the undoubted intelligence of Hitler and Mussolini can overlook that they have yet to win the war against the Anglo-Saxon peoples and their allies.

King Boris at Berghof

LAST week our attention was drawn to the fact that King Boris of Bulgaria had visited Hitler at Berchtesgaden. It was immediately assumed that the German Chancellor had demanded passage for his troops through Bulgaria as part of a joint Axis operation for dismemberment of Greece. Possibly he did; and possibly, also, King Boris may have done some skilful fencing.

This monarch, whose main object, like Stalin and General Franco, is to keep the scourge of war off his territories, must tread warily. His people are divided between those who have admiration for Germany as a great revisionist power, and those who think in terms of Pan-Slavism and turn automatically to Russia.

So far as I have been able to follow the policy of King Boris, which must be powerfully



Asking for Reactions

Mr. F. W. Ogilvie, the B.B.C.'s Director-General, has been touring the Southern Command area in order to discover for himself whether the Forces Programme gives the Forces what they want. He visited front-line troops, training units, and particularly small units in lonely outposts. Here he interrogates a young sapper in an R.E. canteen

has greater experience in such matters, and has the added seniority which could enable him, at the appropriate moment, to form a bridge between General Weygand and General de Gaulle. I adhere to the view I expressed last week; that General Weygand, no longer defeatist, will in due course become the rallying point for a rising French will to resist the forces of invasion and occupation.

But let us make no mistake. De Gaulle has become a name to conjure with in occupied France. And this is especially interesting when one thinks of the inherent mistrust of the French people for "an emigré." It can mean only one thing; that France is recovering from the stunning blows of last June and finds, as she has found before, that a common existence with the Germans is not tolerable.



Feeding an Evacuee

Lady Brooke-Popham, wife of the new Commander-in-Chief of the Far East, who has turned her house at Cotesford, near Brackley, into a home for London children, helps look after them herself. She had to coax this small unwilling morsel to his dinner. Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham was commanding in Kenya until last year, since then has visited Canada and South Africa, was appointed two weeks ago to the newly-created Far East Command

Way of the War

influenced by the pressure of Allied Turkey at his back door, it is by no means wholly satisfactory to the Axis leaders who, in their turn, are sharply divided on Balkan issues.

Busy Days in Lisbon

LISBON is steadily growing to the status of the most important diplomatic listening post in Europe. As the sole Continental gateway to the Atlantic through which people may come and go freely on their lawful occasions it is the place par excellence for learning from travellers things which they have seen and heard in the occupied countries. Last week, with both Sir Samuel Hoare, from Madrid, and Lord Lothian, outward bound for Washington, gathered there, diplomacy was particularly active. Dr. Salazar, the Portuguese Premier, was himself playing an active role.

A few months ago I suggested in these notes that Britain had made a fortunate choice in sending Sir Noel Charles to Lisbon as Minister to assist the Ambassador, Sir Walford Selby. I gather that events have fully borne out that view. Both Sir Noel and Lady Charles have been gaining golden opinions, both on the spot and in London, where the reports from Lisbon are read with always closer attention.

Such a post is strenuous for the diplomat and his wife who entertain extensively. We may therefore take it that both the Minister and Lady Charles will soon be looking forward to a short spell of leave.

So, for that matter, is Sir Samuel Hoare, who would like to come home for consultations with the Government on the many impressions he has formed since he went to Madrid. But I doubt whether he can be spared for any long absence from the Spanish capital just at this moment.

United States Unions and Unity

FACED with the absolute necessity for speeding up armament output by every possible means, the United States will be much occupied in the next months with the endeavour to bring unity to the trade union movement after some years of bitter struggle between two strong personalities—Mr. Green, of the American Federation of Labour, and Mr. Lewis, who built up the rebel organisation, the Confederation of Industrial Organisations.

True to his pledge that he would resign if Mr. Roosevelt were re-elected, Mr. Lewis has handed in

his cap and jacket. It is expected that Mr. Sidney Hillman, Labour member of the National Defence Commission, will now take a leading part in framing peace terms between the rival organisations.

Meantime, Mr. Green, whose A.F. of L. corresponds to the T.U.C. over here, has declared enthusiastically for giving all the help possible to Britain "in her hour of need. Our sympathies go out to her people who are fighting a heroic battle against tremendous odds," he told the delegates at their annual conference in New Orleans.

Sir Walter Citrine, of the T.U.C., who also addressed the Convention, is using all his influence to obtain maximum American output through restored harmony in industry.

Hitler the Builder

SOME indication of the damage being done in Germany by the R.A.F. is given by Hitler's recent announcement that he has created a Department for Rebuilding. Its task will be to put up 300,000 flats. Since the R.A.F. places maximum reliance on knocking out war industry and purely military targets in Germany, and since the R.A.F. crews bomb with much greater accuracy than the men of the Luftwaffe, this admission of

extensive damage to house property gives some idea of the havoc wrought on the targets themselves.

Recent visitors to London who have lately had an opportunity to move about Germany insist that there is no comparison between the effects obtained by the respective air forces. The R.A.F., they say, has been infinitely more successful. It must be a bitter pill for Goering that his own vaunted air force is unable to prevent the destruction of the armament industry of which he was chief architect as director of the Four Years Plan.

"New Men and New Methods"

Too late M. Paul Reynaud tried to revive the French Army with "new men and new methods." He was, in fact, trying to do the impossible for he was working on a moribund machine, and at the moment of its highest trial. Not so Sir Archibald Sinclair. As I anticipated last week he has installed the new men to take charge of a machine which is already very much alive.

With the new men will come, I fancy, the new methods. Some of them have come already.

It would be most unfortunate should political busybodies now try to interfere with the work of the Air Staff by raising new controversy on the organisation of our air forces, to wit, whether they should be under single or divided command. This question may crop up in new guise; namely, a suggestion that the aircraft of the Coastal Command should be placed under the sole operational control of the Admiralty.

This particular Command has most fully justified itself and, under the energetic and tactful direction of Air Chief Marshal "Ginger" Bowhill, they have solved the problem of co-operation between Air Force and Navy. Both Services are agreed on that point. To remove from the total of forces at the disposition of the Air Staff so important a striking and reconnaissance force would be folly at this juncture in our air struggle against a powerful enemy.

Our Versatile Premier

DESPITE the immense strain under which he works, Mr. Churchill, by all accounts, remains as ever one of the most fertile and imaginative personalities in the country today. It might be thought that the drudgery of office would have done something to repress the flow of original thought for which he has always been famous. Far from it. I am assured by his colleagues that new ideas bubble up in his mind as in champagne.

No General Staff constituted on conventional lines could hope to compete with so much originality; especially when it is engaged from day to day

(Continued on page 358)

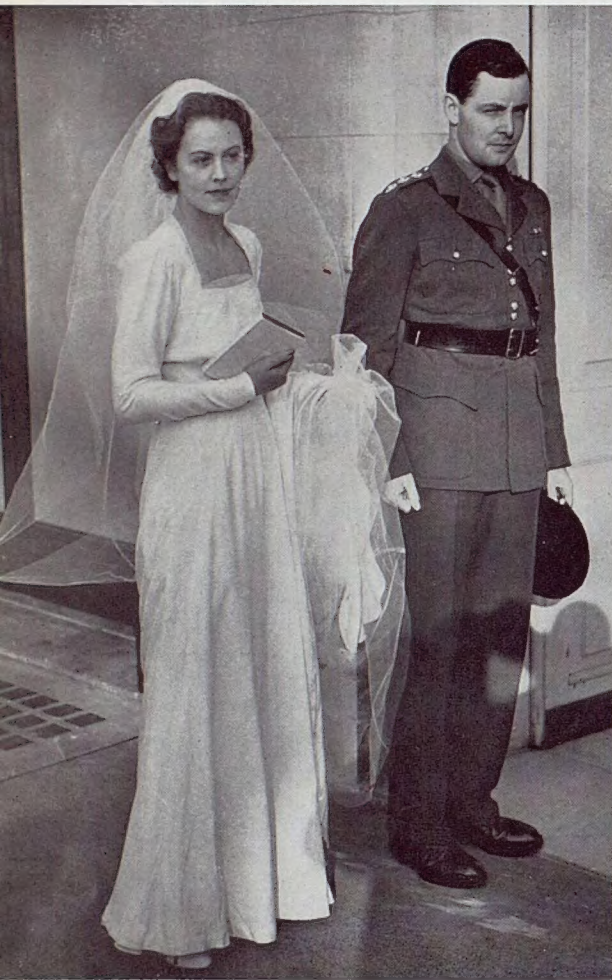


M. Maisky Studies the Other Side of the Question

At his ambassador's desk sits Ivan Mikhailovich Maisky, "The Times" in his hand, and beside him "Must the War Spread," by D. N. Pritt, K.C., M.P. The paper and the "Penguin" offer M. Maisky two widely differing but fairly representative attitudes taken in Great Britain to international affairs in general and his country in particular. M. Maisky has held his post for eight years. His wife, Omsk-born like himself, who is now doyenne of the Diplomatic Corps in London, is musical and literary in her tastes, and she and her husband have always welcomed writers, musicians and artists to the Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens

Wedding of the Week

Captain the Hon. Ronald Strutt
Marries Miss Zara Mainwaring



Miss Zara Mainwaring wore a white moiré dress for her wedding to Captain the Hon. Ronald Strutt, Coldstream Guards. He is the elder son of Lord Belper and the Countess of Rosebery. She is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Harry Mainwaring, Bt., and Lady Mainwaring. They were married at Chelsea Old Church

On the right is Lady Houstoun-Boswall with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Alastair Thompson, who were married last May



Clare Countess Cowley was one of the considerable crowd of guests who were able to go to this—the biggest Society wedding that there has been in London for many weeks



The Countess of Rosebery (centre), the bridegroom's mother, arrived at the Brook House reception with her daughter, the Duchess of Norfolk, and her niece, the Hon. Sheila Digby. Lady Rosebery and Lady Digby are sisters of Lord Aberdare



Sisters who went together were Mrs. Derek Parker-Bowles and Miss Mary de Trafford, Sir Humphrey de Trafford's two elder daughters



Walking up Park Lane in the November sunshine were Miss Sylvia Muir and Second Lieutenant David Clowes, M.C., R.A. He was decorated in July



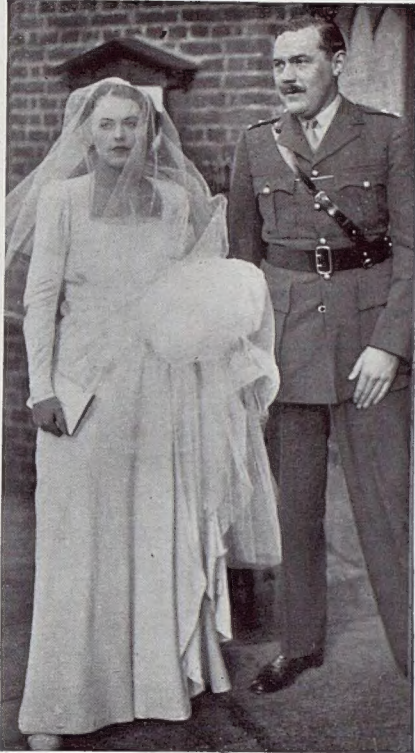
Mary Countess Howe was another of the people who went to the Strutt-Mainwaring wedding at Chelsea Old Church and the reception at Brook House



Guests who were hatless by the end of the reception were Lady Jean Ogilvy, the Earl of Airlie's eldest daughter, and Miss Clarke



Lady Mainwaring, the bride's mother, is the daughter of Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley. Her husband died in 1934



Miss Zara Mainwaring was given away by her cousin, Lieutenant the Earl of Hardwicke. Her grandmother, Lady Magdalen Williams-Bulkeley is the sister of the sixth Lord Hardwicke, who died in 1904.



Lord Belper, the bridegroom's father, was photographed with his wife and their two sons, the Hon. Peter and the Hon. Desmond Strutt. Lady Belper, who is an officer in the A.T.S., married Lord Belper as his second wife in 1923. She is the daughter of the Hon. D. A. Tollemache, and her sons are sixteen and fourteen years old. Lord Belper's first wife married the Earl of Rosebery in 1924



The Hon. Deborah Mitford, Lord Redesdale's youngest daughter, had Second Lieutenant Thomas Egerton as escort. He, like the bridegroom, is in the Coldstream Guards



Miss Diana Brand, Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy and Miss Georgina Wernher were three of the bride's younger friends who arrived at the reception together. They are twenty, twenty-two and twenty-one respectively



Lady Elizabeth Montagu, younger daughter of the Earl of Sandwich, Lady Cecilia Smiley, Clare Countess Cowley's daughter, and Princess Natasha Bagration were three more guests

The Cinema

Girl Worth Watching: By James Agate

WHO is this Lucille Ball whose name I have never before heard of? She is a spitfire young person in a film called *Dance, Girl, Dance*, which has just turned up out of America at the London Pavilion. She is not the heroine. She is a gold-digging villainess who is generous and jealous by turns. She sings and dances and is popular, whereas the heroine, presented by Maureen O'Hara, only dances and does so to nobody's delight.

MAUREEN in this film is that saddest of things, your ballet dancer manquée. There is a chapter of accidents—very cleverly arranged by Vicki Baum who wrote the well-remembered *Grand Hotel* and has now written this film's scenario—whereby Maureen never quite succeeds in meeting Ralph Bellamy, who is an admirable film actor but far more like the captain of a football team than the maître de ballet he is supposed to be in this glamorous yarn. It goes without saying that she meets him at the film's tail-end and is promptly turned into (a) the wife and (b) the ballerina of his heart's desire.

BUT all this is to anticipate the conclusion of a little film which is immensely entertaining in its strident way. Its central point is Miss Ball, who first employs Maureen as a "stooge" in a music hall and then proceeds to grab a young millionaire, engagingly drawn by Louis Hayward, who is never quite sober enough to decide whether he is in love with Maureen, Lucille or the young wife from whom he has just been divorced. Maureen has been appearing at the music hall with her serious little dance which Lucille has astutely gauged to be just bad enough to make her audience hiss it off the stage and clamour for more of the star.

Both Miss O'Hara and Mr. Hayward are far too refined in their accents and general deportment to be credible. Mr. Hayward even contrives to get drunk in a genteel, Kensingtonian kind of way. The whole raison d'être of this film, as it seems to me, is the alert presence of Miss Ball who suggests comparison with Sophie Tucker at the age of twenty, if Miss Tucker was ever twenty. Lucille is flaming, urgent and alive. Lucille is deplorable, but she knows what she wants—which nobody else in this film seems to do!

AT the Plaza there has been something called *Dancing on a Dime* which seemed to me just about to touch even this wartime's nadir. It shows the company of a suspended musical comedy putting itself up in the theatre in which it has been stranded, and diverting itself with dances and other japes in and out of pyjamas and on and off the stage.

IN the evening paper I am regaled with the following succulent news item which I reproduce exactly as printed:

FADEOUT scene of recently completed Hollywood film "Honeymoon for Three" contains what is said to be longest kiss yet recorded. Ann

Sheridan and George Brent held it for 56.2 seconds.

Follow - ups were interesting. Los Angeles laundry asked for handkerchief used by Brent to wipe off Miss Sheridan's lipstick. Inventor asked Brent to be first to try new lipstick remover. New York promoter telegraphed 500-dollar offer to pair to open a "kissathon" by repeating performance.

And innumerable males, between 17 and 63, wrote asking for job as Brent's stand-in.

I HAVE not a word to say about the manner or even about the matter of this item. I quote it only because Mr. Brent has just bobbed up again in the Warner's new film, *Till We Meet Again*, in which, though he is partnered with the sufficiently bewitching Merle Oberon, he is not called upon to give any displays of these—shall we say?—osculatory marathons. I did not, in fact, observe a single kiss in the whole luxurious course of this romantic picture.

Oh yes, there was one! It occurred at the very last moment, the apogee, when the young lady with the low-cut dress and the dicky heart suddenly realised that the handsome stranger was a criminal on his way to execution for murder. So she kissed him without saying that she had learned his secret, and he kissed her back without telling her that he knew she was bound to die.

All this happened on board a luxurious liner between Hong Kong and San Francisco. And the ship called at Hawaii. Gosh, how I hate Hawaii with its choruses that are to my ears like the wailings of seasick poodles!

BUT I really cannot blame the call at Honolulu for finding this potentially moving story not moving in the least. It may be that incredibility, as so often happens, was holding emotion at bay. I just cannot bring myself to believe in a detective—even if Pat O'Brien plays him—who allows a condemned criminal in his care to wander all over a big liner if he promises to be a good boy and not talk to anybody whatever excepting the pretty and pale little lady in evening dress.

There was a delicious digression in which that clever actress, Geraldine Fitzgerald, pretending to be a French countess, attempted to seduce Mr. O'Brien and signally failed. Mr. O'Brien came out of the lady's state room with the scornful visage of a bulldog that has been offered the cat's saucer. This interlude consoled me for not being able to feel upset about Mr. Brent and Miss Oberon, or to enjoy any grief at their ultimate parting for ever.

THE most fetching piece of American slang heard of late is spoken by Rosalind Russell in *Hired Wife*, a film to be reviewed here next week: "Say, this puts you within spending distance of some very easy sugar!"



This Is Lucille Ball

Lucille Ball is the "spitfire young person" who has made a lightning conquest of Mr. Agate (see his article). She is in "*Dance, Girl, Dance*," which has been showing at the London Pavilion. Our critic says she suggests comparison with Sophie Tucker at the age of twenty, "flaming, urgent, and alive"

"Hired Wife"

Rosalind Russell Marries Her Boss
Again—This Time Brian Aherne

Secretaries, nurses, journalists who want to marry their employers, doctors and editors couldn't do better than follow Miss Russell around the cinemas. She can marry her boss better than anyone else in Hollywood. In *Hired Wife* she does it again, with Brian Aherne as her aim and object, Virginia Bruce as her rival. William A. Seiter produced and directed. The film went to the Odeon last week and Mr. Agate intends to take it as his text next week



Squired out riding by two men in love with her is *embarras de richesses* for blonde model Phyllis (Virginia Bruce). The men are Rosalind Russell's employer (Brian Aherne) and the Count

Calling for love are the two gesticulators on the right (Brian Aherne and Virginia Bruce). Each has just discovered who he and she really wants to marry—and it's not each other after all

A business honeymoon took the boss and the secretary to South Carolina. He has to marry to put his money in his wife's name, and she agrees to be his business wife. In the end they get married again for love. The attorney who fixes it all up is Robert Benchley



Squired to the office by Count José (John Carroll), Secretary Kendall Browning (Rosalind Russell) can't resist a laugh when the gallant foreigner kisses her hand. She's in love with her boss, who is in love with another girl, so she persuades the Count to try to distract the other girl's attention



Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Social Centre

THE Dorchester is its own little self-contained and fairly bomb-proof world, where people can dine and dance, sleep, and then have breakfast, without exposing themselves to the hazards of the night. All sorts of people are to be seen there every night, and lots of the same ones over and over again.

Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, as beautiful as the Parthenon by moonlight; Mr. Cecil Beaton, in the most special bit of the restaurant; the Duke of Marlborough, striking and well fed; Lady Juliet Duff, in mink; Lady Eleanor Smith, in plaid; Lady Reading, upholding the place of patterned black and white in our national life; Lady Elizabeth Rufus Isaacs, alternating between mufti and khaki; and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Birkin, she quite lovely, all in red, for a start.

Then there was Lady Bridgett Poulett, her head bandaged in black so that nothing should take away from the heartshapedness of her face; while Miss Paddy Naismith's red hair flowed with strong currents, unconfined. Mr. Charles Graves, accompanied by Mrs. Graves, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny, together too. Mr. Dudley Delevingne found time for collecting for the "Spitfire" fund one night, going from table to table with a large, plain deal box. Another evening he was with Mr. Eric Maschwitz, both in khaki. So was Mr. Freddie Childe (probably half these people are Colonels and things by now, but I can't

keep my mind on looking for the requisite signs), who danced with Miss Hermione Baddeley.

Blowing the Gaff

I HAVE never known quite what the above means, but it sounds quite jaunty and faintly nautical. I rather suspect that Mr. John Holden had a puff or two at it in his racy conversation, which was good listening. He was sharing a table with Lord Tredegar and others one night, but cruised about like a squadron leader in between times.

Lady Doverdale and Miss Diana Barnato contributed a tasty dash of brunette to the mixture, while Miss Edythe Baker maintained the blonde standard, and Miss Nancy Harmood-Banner hovered in between. Two red-haired Holland-Martins were on a male party, and Lord Beaverbrook's daughter, Mrs. Drogo Montagu, displayed the novelty of a bare back.

Occasion of Interest

LORD NATHAN'S fortnightly luncheons always attract a distinguished crowd, and there were plenty there to hear Mr. Amery weigh his words last week. Among them, Lord Luke of Pavenham had a fascinating box of tiny wax matches. It opened in a very special way, both pulling out and springing up. Intriguing.

The Archduke Robert of Austria attends such functions keenly. He has had a hole made in the roof of his flat by a bomb, about which he is charmingly modest, not

going in for the usual embroidering of his private bomb, or even being petulant about it.

Lady Portal, in black, enjoyed the speeches at the cost of an appointment at three o'clock—always a tricky thing to have after such occasions.

There were a great many people there of much importance, including lots of Ministers and Ambassadors, and Lord and Lady Ebbisham, Lord and Lady Mottistone, Sir Firoz Noon, High Commissioner for India, General Sir Sydney Muspratt, Sir Edwin Lutyns, and Lord Iliffe.

Mr. Amery was able to announce the lavish sinkings of Italian ships by us, to which the gathering responded with almost schoolboyish enthusiasm.

Gallant Impresario

BRIGADIER-GENERAL REGGIE KENTISH seems to be a sort of ringmaster of lovelies, who prides himself on being able to bring them trotting into the arena at will. He certainly used to produce them for the Officers' Sunday Club, both on the Young Committee and in the cabaret, but I hear with regret that he has now resigned his honorary secretaryship and severed all connection with the Club—for which there must be a very serious reason, and it is sad, because he certainly appeared to be very much the spirit of the thing, and will be much regretted by all the youth and beauty who hinged upon him with such a swing.

Country Party

HOWEVER, he is still going places and last week took Miss Inga Andersen to entertain the first of a series of gay parties organised by Mrs. Rowland Rank, widowed sister-in-law of Mr. J. V. Rank. These are, and are to be, "morale parties," and at the first one the best of all possible times was universally had. The hostess had collected lovely girls from everywhere, and the gallantest of the gallants to appreciate them.

Miss Andersen was at the top of her form,



A "Morale" Party for the R.A.F. in Sussex

Mrs. Rowland Rank gave a most excellent party at Aldwick Place for R.A.F. officers in the neighbourhood. Miss Inga Andersen, the Canadian cabaret artist, sang fourteen songs and told, as usual, racy stories with a topical twist. Among the guests were Miss Patience ("Boo") Brand, Mr. Jack Scrivener, Miss Patricia Unity ("Pat") Rank, younger daughter of the house; P.O. G. Main, Mrs. Rowland Rank, the hostess; P.O. Robert Ullman and Miss Joan Scrivener. (For more news of the party, see "Social Round-about")



At the May Fair

Miss Dorothy Hyson, the charming stage and screen actress—daughter of Miss Dorothy Dickson, and wife of Robert Douglas, the film-star, was snapped at the May Fair with Mr. Christopher Burn



After Luncheon

Captain J. A. d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, took his sister-in-law, Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, to lunch at the Ritz while home on leave. The former Miss Rosemary Nicholl married Mr. Henry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, who succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father, Sir Osmond d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, of Somerhill, Tonbridge.



A Christening

Squadron Leader and Mrs. Nigel Tangye's baby daughter was christened Ann Francesca at Christ Church, Woking, on November 18th. Well known on the stage as Ann Todd, Mrs. Tangye is a very promising actress of the younger generation. Her husband wrote a book in 1936 entitled "Red, White and Spain," dedicated to "Francesca," which concealed the identity of Ann Todd. In the picture he is holding David Malcolm, Mrs. Tangye's son by her first husband, Mr. Victor Malcolm.



An Engagement

Mr. Ferenc Gallo, of 120, Buckingham Gate, S.W., is engaged to Miss Sylvia Rentoul, only child of Sir Gervais and Lady Rentoul, of 101, Oakwood Court, Kensington. Sir Gervais Rentoul has been Metropolitan Magistrate for West London since 1934, and was formerly M.P. for Lowestoft. He is the eldest son of the late Judge Rentoul, K.C.

putting across her jauntiest numbers, accompanied at the piano by skilful Mr. Harold Stead (their joint rendering of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" is the nearest synthetic emotion is ever likely to get to the real thing, and lifted the boys and girls right out of their seats). The party broke up about midnight with "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow," and all went off looking forward to the next one.

It would be a marvellous thing if more people with houses adaptable for parties, where there are concentrations of officers, would follow Mrs. Rank's wonderful example. Her charming daughters, Peggie and Patricia, are not the least of the advantages of these parties. Miss "Boo" Brand, half-sister of Rose Fiske, the beautiful Misses Valerie and Pat Gronvold, whose eldest sister is now Marchioness of Ely, and Mrs. Ralph Hubbard were among those there.

Tranquillity

IT is a great asset for people to be self-sufficient, and many are able to congratulate themselves on being amused by their own thoughts while having breakfast in bed in the mornings, or indulging in a solitary after-dinner brandy and cigar; of solacing philosophies while walking, in comfortable and water-tight shoes, in their favourite part of the country, fishing the traditional stream, going out with a gun at dusk in search of no more antagonistic company than rabbits, or gently hacking on a favourable morning.

To be equally self-comforting in a crowd is a stiffer proposition, but one well worth mastering. Very necessary to newcomers to the Forces; presumably familiar to habitués of London's rush hours. It is possible to stand for three-quarters of an hour on the platform of the Piccadilly station, between five and six in the evening, before achieving the sort of standing space that is so close-packed you are almost lifted off your feet and certainly do not need to hold on to anything not to fall down when the train

moves. Getting out again requires co-operation, but people are very helpful and friendly, and push and pull like mad, until you are at last cast up on the beach of the desired platform.

To maintain the tranquillity of self-absorption on such occasions is worth practising.

Habits—and Accomplishments

THESE are, of course, the greatest pastime known, and no one could get through life at all without a few basic ones. In the Good Old Days there were a great many more than there is room for now, and some of the more extraneous ones even created professions for their maintenance.

For instance, piano-tuners. What has become of this great race, this honourable profession to which small men in mackintoshes were once fore-ordained?

And clock-winders. These gentlemen once had a place in every household, cajoling the grandfather and coaxing the travelling-clocks to give of their best. What if they often struck hours in advance of what they said, raced, dawdled, or chimed entirely out of turn? Such caprice was accepted and indulged, and the clock-winders, like doctors, still held their heads high. Now people take their time, like everything else, communally and from the Government (Greenwich is surely Government?), and another respectable calling has dwindled.

Now there is the question of windows: as windows get fewer, and people more bored with replacing them, and more used either to the darkness of match-lighting or the draughts of gaps, what about window-cleaners? Of course, it was never a reserved occupation, and the more promising young followers of it are probably being absorbed by the military organisation, so perhaps there is one more thing All For the Best.

M.P.s' Correspondence

MOST people think letters fun to get: the sight of a mound of them surely suggests possibilities, even to the least

optimistic? But M.P.s seem to be regarded as a wall to chalk things on as much as anything else, and receive some astonishing demands, assertions, compliments and abuse.

Things they say will set their correspondents off at alarming tangents, and a conscientious representative of the people need only raise a query about the Entertainment Tax to receive a dissertation on the divorce question in Hollywood; or mention the Marines in passing to be intimately addressed by someone whose career, now interrupted by internment, has been to supply these sweet-toothed and gullible gentlemen with ice-cream for years; or display the mildest connection with sport to have the blood of a thousand wild, dumb creatures poured about his head.

Fish Pond

SIR JOHN FITZGERALD, the Knight of Kerry (how delightful to be anything so *Alice-in-Wonderland* sounding), has a very attractive home at Stanmore, practically within a stone's-throw of London, but so still and quiet and secluded that its nearness to the Metropolis is quite irrelevant. It even includes a lovely black, shiny lake in its grounds (horrible word, connected with coffee and semi-detached residences).

If you like them, lakes and ponds (the difference is presumably one of size, and is irrelevant, anyway) can be among the most fascinating things in the world. The inscrutableness of depth of water beneath the flat shine of its surface, and the lovely, hateful things that live in it. Who, having read Aldous Huxley's *After Many a Summer*, will ever be able to consider the possible proximity of carp without a thrill? Deathless, ageless, mindless, polarised shapes, Very Much Away from It All in their peaceful, primary element (hear Edith Evans read the famous poem about fish in *Diversion*).

I hope Sir John Fitzgerald is interested in fish. He is obviously very intelligent, but that is perhaps another matter.

The Theatre

Stars and Dressing-Rooms :

By Herbert Farjeon

AN unusual thing is happening behind the scenes at Wyndham's Theatre just now, this thing being that Miss Edith Evans and Miss Dorothy Dickson, whose association in the same show is something of a surprise, are dressing together in the same dressing-room—a division to which stars in their solitary glory are not accustomed.

It is many years since Miss Evans was last asked by a management to share a dressing-room. Miss Dickson has never shared one in her life before, having started her career as a star, which means that she never knew the fun she was missing.

It is, of course, pleasant to be No. 1 rather than No. 2 or No. 10. The first time an actress has a dressing-room of her own, it must make her satisfactorily feel that she has really got somewhere. But I have always thought that this feeling must be rather like getting to the North Pole—"I've done that, now it would be nice to get back."

Speaking from observation, I can safely say that Miss Evans and

to be a star on the door of a star dressing-room? And if you are in No. 6, and old George, who was in No. 7 when you last played together, is put in No. 5, you can't help noticing it, and he can't help noticing it too.

So, as rehearsals draw to a close and the first night becomes imminent, managers begin to pale, as they ask the question, "What are we going to do about the dressing-rooms? How are we to avoid trouble? Is it fair to put Mr. A. into

Sketches
by Sallon



Manager's problem

No. 3 because he'll make trouble if we don't, and Mr. B. into No. 4 because he won't make trouble if we do?"

FOR this reason, having had some experience, when I went into management at the Little Theatre, I had all the numbers taken off all the dressing-room doors and had painted thereon instead the names of famous actors and actresses of the past. There was the "Edmund Kean" room, the "David Garrick" room, the "Henry Irving" room, the "Ellen Terry" room, the "Sarah Siddons" room.

This I considered a judicious move, but it could not alter the fact that three of the dressing-rooms were on a level with and close to the stage, while the others were downstairs and some way off. And I think everybody knew which had been No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, and so on.

SPEAKING strictly managerially, it is unreasonable that the best actors and actresses should, as a matter of course, be given the best dressing-rooms. In revues, for example, and musical comedies where the chorus girls have to scramble through innumerable changes of costume as best they can, while the appearances of the principals are more considerably spaced out, it would seem to be common sense

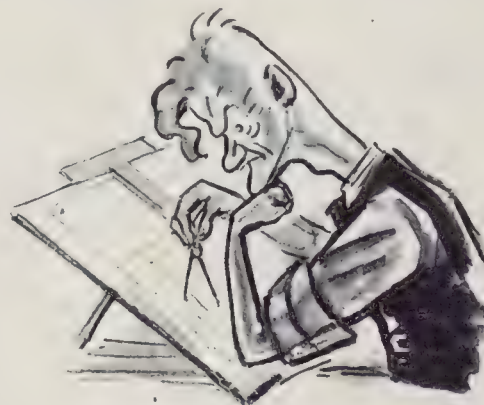


Chorus girls' scramble

and common humanity that the dressing-rooms nearest to the stage should be given up to the least eminent performers. But strong indeed would be the manager who attempted such an innovation, however much it might be for the good of the show.

I once knew an actress who consented to have her name billed in smaller type than that originally stipulated on condition that she received a handsome addition to her salary. Whether an actress who considered herself entitled to the best dressing-room would go into the worst for twice the sum can at present only be a matter of conjecture.

IN the ideal theatre of the future all the dressing-rooms will be of exactly equal size and will be exactly equidistant from



Ticklish work for an architect

the stage. That means, of course, ticklish work for the architect. A semi-circular arrangement suggests itself. But even on a semi-circle there is a centre, as there is in a row of players taking a call.

Which raises another problem, not always to be overcome by the explanation that ladies and gentlemen should alternate, for that you see, my dear, is really a matter of height.



Actors' reactions

Miss Dickson have more than twice as much fun together as they would have alone, and that wain-ropes would not hale them asunder.

I remember James Welch once bemoaning his loneliness after he had become an actor-manager. "The boys I used to laugh and joke with now all call me sir," he lamented, "and when I go into their dressing-rooms, the conversation stops dead and they are on their best behaviour. Life was far pleasanter in the old days."

ACTORS and actresses are, as a rule, very sensitive about dressing-rooms—for are not stars called stars because there used



Anthony

Two Stars in One Dressing-room

"An unusual thing is happening behind the scenes at Wyndham's Theatre just now." That's how Mr. Farjeon starts his article (opposite) on the dressing-room problem. And this is the unusual thing—Edith Evans and Dorothy Dickson behind the same dressing-room door. Miss Dickson has never shared, Miss Evans not for many years, but they like it. They are both in *Diversion*, Mr. Farjeon's afternoon "mixture," at Wyndham's, each of them doing a turn or two of great individual brilliance

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IF Hitler has really offered Molotov India (and possibly the Moon as a make-weight), the Red Czar may be the victim before long of the same big rosy dreams pro. tem. as the White. India was an *idée fixe* with the Russians a couple of generations ago—you may remember how the dashing cavalry officer in *The Man Who Was* points at the North Star burning over the Khyber Pass, as his British hosts put him on the train, and says gaily that they'll probably be seeing him again.

Fortunately the childlike but uncertain Slav is perpetually working himself up to a frenzy over a big idea and spinning round it like a dancing Dervish. His exhausted auditors ultimately reel away to lie down and the Slav's attention is caught by something different but equally glittering, which sets him off again. "My God, what people!" mutter the dazed old generals with dyed whiskers in a Dostoevsky novel, surveying the interminable chatter-boxes in some dreary provincial drawing-room.

Doubtless retired elderly Kommissars are mumbling the same to-day, and doubtless on any long-distance Soviet train you can find the modern counterpart of that Ancient Mariner in *The Kreutzer Sonata* who has just murdered his erring wife and feels the urge for a continuous 36-hour monologue.

THIS Russian national trait, in our ignoble view, is the saving of Europe, just as the perpetual gabbling and chattering of strong silent men with big iron jaws in London and New York saves their forewarned victims many a tumble.

For this reason we shall welcome the inevitable peacetime cry, as after the last War, for a Government of Business Men (or the Ever-Open Trap). They do less harm than any other kind, probably.

Vision

AFTER the Angels of Mons, the Angels of Firle (Sussex); whom the villagers insist they saw in the sky the other day, despite their sceptical Vicar. Numbers of citizens are still, at the moment of writing, rallying to the rurals' side in the *Daily Mail*; also a number of citizens who ascribe the alleged vision to exhaust-vapour from aircraft.

The Angels of Mons had, perhaps, a broader basis, having first appeared in a stirring essay by Mr. Arthur Machen, than whom nobody was more surprised when his distinguished fantasy turned into an actual experience sworn to by many survivors of the Retreat. But men marching in exhaustion are very susceptible to hallucination, as anyone who knows the High Pyrenees (for example) is aware.

Those awful heights, Los Altos, at dusk are plainly haunted, in any case; the torrents cry in a thousand luring, mocking inhuman voices, rocks turn into Goyaesque figures of doom and menace, friendly cottages nestling amid orchards vanish suddenly into the mist as you approach and reveal a precipice edge, amid shouts of laughter from unseen devils. The dullest materialist fool is as liable to this experience as the most imaginative.



"I hope we haven't been letting a few air raids interfere with our art, Miss Prudence"

INEXPLICABLE things happen in the Pyrenees, and strange voices are heard in the Highlands and some parts of Ireland, as everybody knows, but we drew a disappointing blank at Felpham (Sussex), where Slogger William Blake once met and talked with three tall veiled Hebrew Major Prophets on the foreshore one calm sunset evening. Nor, though we were staying in Blake's own cottage, and kept careful watch, did we ever see a fairy funeral in the garden, as described in detail by the poet.

Maybe it was the wrong time of year (August), or maybe the ale at the Fox Inn opposite was better a hundred years ago; or, more likely, the fairies have long since fled along the coast to Brighton, where their mauve jumpers and suede shoes are more appreciated.

Laurel

CHURCHWARDENS all over the country are probably rubbing their hands, horny with counting small silver, in excited pleasure at the tribute just paid by Mr. Somerset Maugham in New York to one of their number, Mr. T. S. Eliot, whom Maugham calls the greatest poet living in England to-day; which is relatively correct, if you choose to leave out the finest exercise in the Rhymed Heroic Couplet since Pope, that long recent master-poem called *In Praise of Wine*, by Mr. Belloc. (And there are those who add Miss Ruth Pitter to the elect also.)

However, there are so few churchwardens in these islands producing distinguished verse or prose at the moment—the only other beside Mr. Eliot is Mr. John Betjeman, unless we bestially err—that there must be an agreeable flutter in a thousand vestries, and many tremulous hands will check next Sunday's collection, we dare aver.

THE chief significance, to us, of Mr. Maugham's panegyric lies in the fact that this acid realist ignores our leading Left Wing poetasters utterly, which may annoy Bloomsbury but makes a refreshing change, as Mr. Beeton said when he found the lemon in his pea-soup. We've no particular feeling against the boys; their sterile little songs are often neatly put

(Concluded on page 328)



"I'm afraid Edward's overeaten again"

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"Don't you worry now, Mister. When this 'ere war's over, we'll see you gets more livin' space and all that"

Standing By ...

(Continued)

together, they can't help having no anchorage, and if they work in rancid butter, so to speak, instead of marble, they often produce quaintly decorative designs.

But only poets firmly rooted and deep in the water can produce real poetry, and Mr. Eliot is one. He is also, people tell us, a pretty stout churchwarden, favouring at stormy Easter vestry meetings the Old Castilian guard and the Biscayan uppercut. (It's the footwork that counts, as One-Eyed Garcia discovered when he took the knock from Don José Lizzarabengoa.)

Cry

FLOGGING at the B.B.C. was abolished when all the admirals and generals withdrew a little time ago, and the more humane Ogilvie régime forbids any discipline more severe than standing the culprit in the corner (a spy at Broadcasting House tells us) of the Louis Quinze Restaurant on the sun deck, behind a whacking great chryselephantine vase of hothouse flowers.

It is therefore distressing, so far as anyone can be distressed by anything which happens to the B.B.C. boys, to find a few desperate citizens demanding Field Punishment No. 1 (abolished in the Army) for those news-announcers who still make those little prim, whimsy, dramatic, oh-so-meaning pauses as they read their stuff, like the elder Miss Pinkerton at the end of term.

These citizens—one of them has even asked us to call on Mr. Ogilvie, a thing we

could never do in Quality Street till Mr. Ogilvie has called on us, though we often glance timidly that way from under our parasol—hold that the ordinary B.B.C. vocalisation, bel canto, roulades, gargarisation, recitative, and cadenzas are quite enough to go on with, Heaven knows, without this Khatmandu style, so called from the broken-hearted woman who (as you remember) tends the grave of Mad Carew (and the little god for ever gazes down).

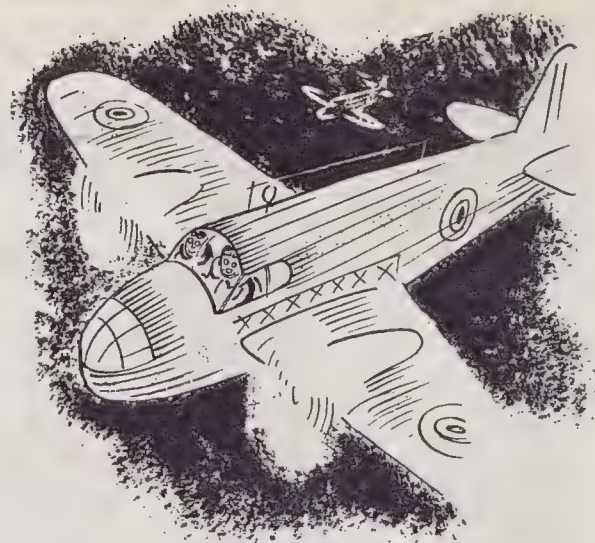
OUR own feeling is that kindly Mr. Ogilvie knows best what flutters gentle hearts, and as a wee motherless bogle-wife peeking from behind a rowan-tree near Kirriemuir once told us that anybody making half-hearted gestures at the House - Which - Doesn't - Give-a-Hoot-For-Anybody gets his trousers damnably kicked by the birdies, we merely straighten our mittens with pursed lips and pass on.

Fruit

"LIFE without an onion is possible," remarked the Food Minister recently, answering questions on supplies. He should have added "But only just," and thereby qualified for the high small company of statesmen whose cracks are at once true and memorable.

Even the boys and girls who write roguey modern books on food find it difficult to go very arch over onions, which a living authority has described as "the apples of content, or again, the companion-fruits of mankind," praising them also for their gifts of health and sleep. They are also a test. A man we know who esteems them as properly as did King Stanislas of Poland once sent a woman he secretly loved, on her sailing from New York, a dainty basket of choice onions in place of the usual steamer-basket of more hackneyed fruit. He turned out to have fallen in love with a froward and cretinous fribble, a froth-brained jill-flirt, a petulant ninny-hammer, and a painted imbecile, for she threw them overboard instantly and never spoke to him again.

WE'VE encountered the same hostility when offering an onion out of our bag to some rich woman in a theatre, though God knows rich women need health and sleep more than most of us. But those hard raddled pans generally display such rage and horror at the offer that you'd think an onion was something mystic or spiritual.



"We must be over Italy, there's ice-cream forming on the wings"

Possibly even a gift of garlic, the onion's more gracious and passionate little sister, would be similarly received. Yet when you give garlic you are giving all the magic of Greece ("the garlic-tree, the singing, and the gold") and the burning South, including that blissful Provence whose language is nearest on earth (a chap in Stoke Newington once told us) to that of Heaven. What better gift for a dainty witch, save a good clump on the head?

Caffe

PROPOS the Rodin centenary and the Houdon bicentenary this month, one of Auntie Times's little readers wrote the other day claiming rather emotionally that the copy of Rodin's Burghers of Calais, outside the Houses of Parliament, and the copy of Houdon's George Washington, outside the National Gallery, indicate "the path of progress along which Britain, France, and America must continue to advance together for the preservation of their common ideals."

They chiefly, if you ask us, indicate the manner in which public works of art are treated by the ædiles of this Metropolis, the Rodin being skied so high that all detail is lost and it gives you neck-ache to crane up at it, the Houdon being so placed that few of the art-crazy populace know it's there at all except the Trafalgar Square pigeons, who certainly do. If London were as rich in statuary masterpieces as, say, Florence, where the Michaelangelo David, for one, is practically on ground-level, one could overlook an aberration or two of this kind.

HOWEVER, we'd rather not—in Mrs. Boffin's presence—go once more into the question of London's statuary. Hardly any of it has been bombed away as yet. The whiskered ones in togas gesticulate and smirk from their pedestals, the gents in bronze and marble top-hats and trousers continue to defy the world as blandly as if a Sitwell had never called down Heaven's vengeance on them.

It was fatal so carefully to box up and sandbag Charles the First, in our mousy view; being the only noble native public statue London possesses, its doom is practically sealed. They should have sandbagged the 569 others and retired with a happy sigh.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Have you got the same sort of thing in a sausage?"



J.M.
BATEMAN.

"My Goodness — My Guinness"

G. 363.A.

Tailored Twins



Wolsey Cashgora

These Cashgora twin-sets are made from a blend of softest cashmere and a light full angora. Elastic at neck, cuffs and waist for perfect fit. Bust sizes 34", 36", 38". In the new pastel shades, also deeper tones. Wolsey, Leicester

Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

More Help for Britain

BELIEVING you can't have too much of a good thing, Bundles for Britain had another Big Night two nights after the Election, on the opening night of the National Horse Show, proceeds from which went this year to the American Red Cross. H.M. Queen Elizabeth's gift to the ball was "awarded to the winner of a contest"—one way of going round the raffle problem; acute over here too.

The Governor-General of Canada and H.R.H. Princess Alice joined the President and Mrs. Roosevelt as patrons of the ball, which took place at the Waldorf, which no one calls the Waldorf-Astoria. This strikes me as unusual, because Americans are not given to abbreviations; preferring long names. (vide Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones), while simple nouns such as "lift" and "flat" become "elevator" and "apartment" this side of the Atlantic Ocean, on which wet expanse no American is merely "at sea."

Those on the ball committee representing the Horse Show half, included Mrs. George St. George (Mrs. Frank Stanley Clarke's sister-in-law), and on the débutante committee was Miss Lilian Talmadge Mitchell, whose name explains herself. Nearly every American you ever heard of was on the committee, including Mrs. Jan Juta, whose artist-husband's delightful English niece, Gillian Hansard, has stuck to her farm above Cannes. She is alone, single-handed, and not yet twenty-three.

China Not Forgotten

ON November 1st Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who is national chairman of the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China, presided over the Bowl of Rice Ball, also at the Waldorf. He and Henry Luce, of *Time* and *Fortune* (furthermore known as Claire Boothe's husband), wrote innumerable personal letters, enclosing an invitation, with exquisite Kwan-Yin, Goddess of Mercy, illustrating its cover. To one friend Luce wrote:

China has recently become very nearly an ally of the United States. Fighting as she is against the forces which threaten all free areas of the world—forces which recently collaborated in an open threat to the United States—Free China is more than ever our friend. And with her trade routes choked, her major industries bombed, her people badly hurt by a long war, she is more than ever a friend in need. China deserves all the help Americans can give. If democratic civilisation is to stand for anything in the future, one of the jobs it must do is to relieve China's wounded, sick, flood-ridden, homeless millions. All who know China know that China will some day repay every act of American friendship.

Little Mayor La Guardia of New York was on the working committee for this; Anna May Wong on the cabaret, and one of New York's most picturesque "new" beauties, Mrs. Harry ("Daphne") Bull, among the dinner hostesses. Her artistic husband recently persuaded a certain dress-maker to part with all her firm's old scissors, plus a cheque, for the surgical instruments

department of Bundles for Britain; greatly to the delight of its earnest first executive, the Duchess of Leinster.

The World of Art

WRITING of artistic people brings up the "Lexy" Stollers, encountered at a Contemporary French Masters show in New York (where more than half the pictures for sale seem to have just come from France—rather sinister, what?) on their way to the races at Empire City, last of the flat meetings around Manhattan.

The Stollers are young, cheerful and intelligent. She was about to sing at the Paris Opera when the Germans came. He left some of his best sculptures in France, where his father has remained with the Red Cross. A typical Fall 1940 set-up. Her main ambition is to sing at Covent Garden "afterwards"; his to pick winners, preferably right now.

They had been to the Georgio de Chirico exhibition, one of the most important in weeks. Chirico's "Melancholy and Mystery of a Street, 1914" is tops for brooding suspense, but in wartime I would rather see something funny, so I went to Charlie Chaplin, who is very, very funny but also very melancholy, so then I went to *Charley's Aunt*, who is not. This ancient farce, packing 'em in on Broadway, has been zipped up, but remains clearly recognisable.

The End of the World's Fair

THE World's Fair was so full of wonders, informative and entertaining, that I regret its demise, though speaking as a parent, it is quite a relief because every little Oliver wanted more of it every Saturday, and nothing harder on the feet has ever been promoted. The Glasgow and Paris Exhibitions were pocket-handkerchiefs by comparison. So was San Francisco, which did not achieve the success promised by its unique layout.

When statistics are published we shall know how many bags of pop-corn the Great American Public consumed during the Fair's two seasons, and how many people looked at Magna Carta, and what for, as the man said when the guide told him, "We are now passing the oldest public house in England."

Personally I thought the coloured film show chez Kodak; the hour-long pageant of American Railroad History (with Lincoln's presidential train as its high-light); and the collection of art masterpieces most memorable. But it's only fair to add I never got into General Motors because the queue was always two and a half hours long. The only thing to beat the queue was to arrive on a stretcher, and in this air-raid-unconscious country there aren't any lying around.

Polish Symbols

THE Polish exhibits at the Fair are to remain as ornaments in the park that-is-to-be, and as monuments symbolising Poland's Will to Live. One is a statue of King Jagiello, who ruled the mighty Catholic Polish State in the fourteenth century; the other a curious tower of golden shields.

Edward F. Roosevelt of the ubiquitous "royal family," helped

(Concluded on page 306)



Knitting at the Races

Bundles for Britain are so absorbing that Mme. Bori (of the golden voice) even knits between races. She was in Mr. Andy Sage's box for a recent meeting at the Jamaica racecourse, which is the "Ally Pally" of New York. Mr. Sage is a prominent member of the American Jockey Club



Another Inveterate Knitter

Mrs. Carl Holmes, of Bermuda and New York, also takes her knitting everywhere with her, plus the watered-silk bag of a Bundles for Britain worker. She is the former London actress, Nancy ("Bubbles") Ryan



Young Marrieds

Mr. and Mrs. Lexy Stoller lived in France before the capitulation. He is a sculptor, and she is a singer, had a 1939 summer contract at the Paris Opera House. More about them in the "Letter from America"

With Silent Friends

By Richard King

Memories

How queer it seems, for those of us whose memory is long enough to take them vividly back to thirty-fourty years ago, to remember a world wherein wars were little more than the annoying echo of somebody disturbing the peace somewhere; when life ran comparatively smooth and tranquil, and its allotted natural span might be considered almost certain; when the majority of people were content; when there was time to pause and think, and when quite a little money went rather a long way.

Queerer still, however, it is to realise that such a world is presumably just the kind of world for which nations are fighting and killing each other to resuscitate. Listen to politicians and all their promises for the world-after-this-war. It is, in reality, a world which was once ours, before we allowed a handful of men to blow it sky-high.

It needed improving, of course; there were abuses which cried to heaven for redress. But war won't ever settle them; on the contrary, it increases their evil and multiplies it. So humanity seems to go this completely cock-eyed way to obtain its own improvement—and "queer" is a modest word to explain or excuse it! A man invented the internal-combustion engine; another conquered the air in a machine; and, hey, presto! like a naughty boy alone with a box of matches, the whole place is destroyed! Well, are most of us still monkeys, or are we all more than a little mad? God, if indeed we are His children, must be rubbing His eyes rather hard!

Poetry

BUT enough of pessimism. Let us forget it for a while. Let us rather sit back and remember a world which—as Siegfried

Sassoon, describes old Exeter in his lovely and deeply moving book of poems, *Rhymed Ruminations*—(Faber and Faber; 5s.)—showed us a country where—

Victorian clumps of trees
Were golden in a bland October breeze:
Large clouds, like safe investments, loitered by;
And distant Dartmoor loomed in sombre blue.

And, trying to forget, shut our mental eyes to the knowledge which, as a prophecy, struck him once as he journeyed along a pre-Roman pack-road, and heard the drone of 'planes above. Stonehenge, making him see how—

In years to come
Poor panic-stricken hordes will hear that hum,
And Fear will be synonymous with Flight.

Time Present and Time Past

MOST of these poems were printed privately some time ago, and, as the title suggests, their mood is one of retirement from the present to ruminate, half-sadly, half-sweetly, among the memories of the past. Yet ever the present protrudes—must protrude, since already some years ago its shadow, paradoxically speaking, darkened the world with omens then unfulfilled.

So, in "A Prayer from 1936," we read—
Out of the nothingness of night they tell
Our need of guns, our servitude to strife.
O heaven of music, absolve us from this hell,
Unto unmechanized mastery over life.

How good it is to read poetry these days! Especially poetry which, so to speak, is like our own experience, and is not removed from the undercurrent of our own lives. Most of us do not read poetry often enough. It is the Cinderella of life's purer beauty. We make a great mistake when we turn from loveliness, in whatever guise it comes to us; especially in these

days, when loveliness seems to hurt beside the tragic horror which envelops us. Rather as if we somehow feared to disentangle our mind from the horror, lest the contrast of peace remembered break our hearts.

And yet, I think we are wrong. After the initial effort, it would seem as if some faint trickle of hope and beauty flooded consciousness; so that something—some world within us—stood apart, and could never be defiled by ugliness and suffering and loss. Only by revisiting that world—perhaps more real to us than the world of reality—can we keep some vestige of sanity, a sense of values in a life which would seemingly destroy, if man could make it possible, the eternal verities by which alone live faith and hope, and thus achieve an inner peace.

I think that, somehow or other, one is better able to face up to the soul-shattering present when—and I quote again from this book—

Beyond bewildering years
How little things beloved and held are best.

These poems are, for the most part, the result of deeply felt experiences, and in most of these experiences we, no longer very young, can share. Share, yet maybe have been unable to express—

I am yet young with my unheard unspent
Awareness of slow-stored intrinsence:
And still, where trees like sentinels look for
day,
I feel that all have felt and know what none
can say.

A Book of Wit

THIS most amusing book—*English Wits*, edited by Leonard Russell; with wood-engravings by Eric Ravilious (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.)—is not a book about wit, so much as a collection of well-known writers analysing, and sometimes defending, the wit of the subject about which they write.

So fourteen authors write much as they please about fourteen famous wits. And the result is a volume which, if you have any appreciation of wit, will provide the best kind of entertainment. Remember, however, as the editor is at pains to explain, it is not a book to "enclose wit within a theory or a definition."

(Concluded on page 334)



The Dominions Secretary at Oxford

Viscount Cranborne, Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs, was the fifth speaker in the Michaelmas Term series of meetings of the Oxford University Conservative Association, and "British Foreign Policy" was his subject. With him here is Michael Kinchin-Smith (Christ Church), president of the Association



Two Members of Lord Cranborne's Audience

Lord Cranborne's brother, Lord David Cecil (right), author of "The Stricken Deer," "The Young Melbourne," etc., and a Fellow of Wadham College, heard the Dominions Secretary's speech. At the dinner at the Randolph which preceded the meeting, he sat beside one of the Oxford University Conservative Association's Hon. Agents, Nigel Miskin (New College)

A Great Musician

Myra Hess, Who Has Given London
Most of Its Wartime Music,
at her Golders Green Home

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Myra Hess's reputation as a pianist goes far beyond Great Britain. She has toured most of the Continent, and given concerts all over Canada and the United States



The name of Myra Hess will live in musical history not only as one of the finest English pianists of her day but as the greatest of wartime music-makers. Since October 10th, 1939, she has made it possible for Londoners to listen to real musicians' music for one hour every day from Monday to Friday. Coupled with her name will be that of Sir Kenneth Clark, who arranged for Miss Hess's lunch-time concerts to be given at the National Gallery, first in the large hall under the dome, and, since air raids began, in the safety of the underground shelter. Up to November 1st, when the 300th concert was given, a thousand artists had performed in the series as soloists, and in the various combinations known to chamber music, and out of the proceeds of seat-selling at 1/- a head, £5700 has been divided between the artists and the Musicians' Benevolent Fund. Myra Hess herself is the biggest draw of all. She generally plays at least once a week, sometimes alone, sometimes with other instrumentalists. A whole world of music, performers and audience alike, revolves around this dark-haired woman, with the strong, thoughtful face, who not only believes that art is stronger than war, but has proved the living truth of her faith

This fine musician is also a woman of wide culture. Travel, history, and its handmaiden biography, fill the shelves of her library

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

Like humour, or even like charm, wit defies absolute definition. What is witty to one man is not witty to another. Anyway, it would, I think, be impossible to say exactly what wit may be; though, like charm, we seem to recognise it at once. Moreover, people will angrily defend their witty author as they will defend their idea of humour—rather as if their own mental equipment were at stake. So, wisely, every author in this book is given a free hand and, at the end, his own individual point of view emerges, though it may not necessarily be yours. Which gives the book an intimate, personal appeal that is most enjoyable.

Thus, writing of Saki, Mr. John Gore declares—

If the definition "the power of giving intellectual pleasure by unexpected combining of the contrast of previously unconnected ideas or expressions" satisfies one accepted aspect of wit, "Saki" was a witty writer.

Lamb, Johnson and Others

MR. ROBERT LYND, deliberately avoiding any sort of definition whatsoever, nevertheless, in his delightful paper on Lamb, gives, by many examples, the charming quality of Lamb's mind. And if these examples do not come within the radius of wit, as you understand it, you have, nevertheless, enjoyed an enchanting entertainment. But then, that radius is very wide, and resembles rather wheels within wheels.

Take Father Ronald Knox's paper on Samuel Johnson, and you will discover that the much-vaunted Johnsonian repartee—which, personally, I have always found little wittier than heavy-weight backchat—may not sound witty, but is undoubtedly wise, however ponderously that wisdom may be expressed.

Wit, perhaps, is rather the encouragement towards mental laughter than any physical need of expressing one's enjoyment. And this, maybe, is at least one definition of the contrast between wit and humour. This being so, Whistler and Max Beerbohm are undoubted witty writers. Mr. Wyndham Lewis's paper on Whistler, and Mr. Gerald Hopkins's analysis of the wit of Max Beerbohm, are two of the most mentally entertaining chapters in the book for this reason alone. But the whole volume is glorious entertainment since—well, maybe, because the subject is what it is, and each of the fourteen writers has brought out the witty point of the English wits about whom he writes.

Detective Stories

FOR my sins—as I have a shrewd suspicion, though from a sense of duty I like to consider it—I have been reading a series of thrillers to a young invalid. I would rather have chosen my literature otherwise, but after all, the listener in bed is the one to be considered. So I am once again left inwardly rather amazed to realise how many people there are for whom a detective-yarn is their only form of fiction.

The formula always seems to be so exactly the same in too many of them. I am beginning to hate detectives, with their idiosyncrasies (usually of the fidgeting kind), and either their miraculous cleverness, hidden under an air of nonchalance, or their blundering stupidity, as of a fat poodle aping a greyhound.

So I have come to the conclusion that the more outrageously far-fetched the story happens to be, the more amusing it is. I like my heroine to be discovered bound to a mill-wheel hanging over a pit of molten lead, rather than merely bright and helpful, with a revolver handy whenever the man she loves is in such a tight corner that not even the writer could otherwise extricate him.

Consequently, I was really a little bored by John Bentley's thriller, *Front Page Murder* (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.). In fact, the

detective hero is even more exasperating than usual, though he is never at a loss to utter the smart saying, and is for ever dropping into the nearest bar in order, it seemed to me, to prove what a lively young spark he is by nature. Moreover, there is a long, long interlude on a Transatlantic liner which so vividly describes its boredom that I was thankful to arrive at New York.

Once in New York, however, the hero, an English enquiry agent—who, incidentally, tells the story in an idiomatic fashion which some may find amusing—had to solve the mystery of a box supposed to contain human ashes, which was dropped overboard in New York harbour.

A number of crooks are anxious to get hold of it, but—alas! it seemed to me—we are not told why, until it is too late to increase our excitement, in spite of the hero's moments of agonising danger. Danger when he is being beaten-up by the crooks, though not quite severely enough. In the end, he becomes a boastful breaker of ladies' hearts, survives the actual story by many pages, and ends up in the atmosphere of war. Personally, however, I like my thrills far more concentrated than they are in this tale, but if you can bring yourself to like and admire the hero, you won't mind them being spread out too thinly: he himself will provide all the entertainment you need.

Tricks of the Trade

THE queerest part of Mr. Carter Dickson's collection of detective stories contained in *The Department of Queer Complaints* (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), is one which has nothing whatever to do with Colonel March's department, D-3, at Scotland Yard, where all the most unusual, unreasonable and illogical complaints are investigated. It is so good that it makes the rest of the book read like a "tuppenny dreadful."

It concerns a hanging in Pennsylvania forty years ago, and is admirably told; so without strain, and yet so dramatic at the end, that for this tale alone the book should be begged, borrowed, stolen—or bought. The rest of the stories have their mysteries solved rather too often by means which resemble conjuring tricks, or the methods of an illusionist.

There are, of course, plenty of sleuths knocking around, and at least three of the yarns deal with ghosts; though here, again, illusionist's tricks are played on both the characters and the readers. It is, however, all very well done in its way, and the result should satisfy any number of readers who simply adore this kind of thing. But the story entitled "The Other Hangman," shows us what Mr. Dickson can do when he tries.

Baroque

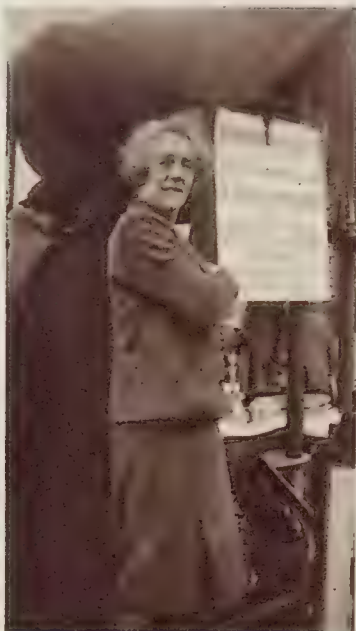
A PART from Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's Foreword, and M. Jourdain's short, yet admirable description of English and Irish stucco-work, the real interest of *Country House Baroque* (Heywood Hill Ltd.; 12s. 6d.) consists in the late Anthony Ayscough's superb photographs. They are lovely to a degree, not only as photographs, but as examples of eighteenth-century ornament, mostly stucco-work, to be found scattered up and down the countryside in English and Irish country houses.

In these days, when so much of life is devoted to war, it is enchanting to come across a volume devoted entirely to decorative beauty; especially one so beautifully produced as is this book.



Stricklands in Uniform

Miss Patricia Strickland and Mrs. Claude Strickland are both doing war work at Oxford, Mrs. Strickland as head of the local St. John Ambulance Nursing Division, her daughter as a Sub-Leader in the A.T.S. Mr. Strickland, formerly of the I.C.S., is now Lecturer in Indian Social Welfare at Oxford. He and his wife and daughter live at Worcester Cottage, which dates back to the thirteenth century



White-Elephant Shopkeeper

Lady Lindsell opened a White Elephant stall in Salisbury market for two weeks, at which she and two helpers made over £500 for war charities. She is the wife of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Wilfred Lindsell, who received his K.B.E. in the Birthday Honours this year

A Family of Three

Sir Basil Bartlett, Actor and Playwright, His Wife and His Daughter, Julia Jane

Sir Basil Bartlett was married in 1937 to Miss Mary Malcolm, only daughter of Sir Ian Zachary Malcolm of Poltalloch. Their delightful little girl, Julia Jane who, wearing an enchanting quilted satin dressing-gown, says good-night to her father on the right, is just on three years old. Lady Bartlett, who uses her maiden name of Mary Malcolm on the stage, is anxious to return to theatre work. She played last year in an amusing revue entertainment at the miniature Chanticler Theatre, near Gloucester Road

Photographs by Peter Clark and Anthony



Mary Malcolm, Actress-Wife of Sir Basil Bartlett

Sir Basil Bartlett and Julia Jane

Sir Basil Bartlett, Bt., who has now recovered from wounds received at Dunkirk, has written his first book entitled "My First War," which was published by Chatto and Windus on November 14th. It is probably the first book of its kind to appear in this war and is Sir Basil's day-to-day impressions of the war in France and in the Low Countries. He served with the B.E.F. right through to Dunkirk. Before the war Sir Basil had already been an actor, a journalist and a playwright, and his play, "The Jersey Lily," met with richly-deserved success in New York and also at the Gate Theatre in London, where Hermione Hannen's performance in the name-part was one of great beauty and depth. He is also deeply interested in modern French drama, and his translation of François Mauriac's "Asmodée" was used for the Gate Theatre production, and later at Wyndham's Theatre under the name of "The Intruder." Sir Basil inherited the baronetcy from his grandfather while he was still at school at Repton, where he had a fine athletic record



Girl at the Microphone

Elizabeth Cowell, B.B.C.
Announcer, In and Out
of Working Hours

"This is the B.B.C. Home Service. For the next half-hour you will hear a programme of gramophone records. . . ." The clear, low voice behind the microphone belongs to this tall, attractive girl. Elizabeth Cowell became a figure in the public eye several years ago when she and Jasmine Bligh were chosen out of 1100 applicants to be "television hostesses" on the world's first and only regular television service. Soon she was promoted to produce ballet programmes; she herself is a devoted balletomane, and would like to have been a dancer if, at five-foot-eight, she had not been too tall. Instead she went to a school in Suffolk where the system was so austere that all the girls had to have a cold shower every morning at 6.30, was "finished" in France and Germany, and worked at fashion-designing and in a West End store before she got her television job. When war began she joined the W.A.A.F. and drove an Air Marshal on his duty-round. Two months later the B.B.C. asked for her release, and made her their first woman announcer for six years. She, like other announcers—and she now has some feminine colleagues—has to write her own introductions, and also makes up her own gramophone recitals, besides running a special musical feature once a month called "To You From Me." In her spare time she is writing a book which is to be the first *Diary of a Television Announcer*.

A symphony orchestra was tuning up while Miss Cowell announced the programme



"To You From Me" is a monthly gramophone-and-talk feature arranged by Miss Cowell: she chooses the subject, selects the records, writes the commentary, and reads what she has written. Here, wearing ear-phones, she waits for the red light, her starting signal.



Director of Presentation, John Snagge, is Elizabeth Cowell's boss. He is head of some forty announcers, a great authority on the presentation of broadcast programmes, and himself a popular broadcaster, one of his specialities being the Boat Race commentary. Miss Cowell was consulting him about her fan mail. She gets 50 to 100 letters a week, most asking for autographed photographs, some making programme suggestions, a few proposing marriage.



Morning, Noon, and Night

Instead of playing tennis (she was in the tournament class), golf, squash, and riding, Elizabeth Cowell generally has to compress her exercise these days into ten minutes a morning to the accompaniment of the B.B.C. keep-fit directions at 7.30 a.m. Even this she can't do regularly because her own job sometimes starts at 6.30 a.m. In the spotless apron, on the right, she was busy making a Lancashire hot-pot; she has done a cookery course and gets the benefit of the B.B.C. kitchen-front reviews. And finally, when she doesn't have to sleep at Broadcasting House, she puts on a very becoming blitz dressing-gown of billiard-green face cloth, and descends, with her eiderdown and pillow, to sleep on the first floor



War hostess to Elizabeth Cowell is Mrs. James Field Beale (right), with whom Miss Cowell has been staying since her own home was bombed. They have been friends since their schooldays at St. Felix, Southwold. Mrs. Field Beale, whose husband is an R.N.V.R. Lieutenant, is herself working for a Government Department



Sussex Châtelaine

Lady Leconfield at Petworth House



The Experimental Garden

Lady Leconfield, accompanied by Baltie, a black Cocker spaniel, looks round the experimental garden, where all the rare plants are tried before being transplanted. The former Miss Violet Rawson, elder daughter of the late Col. R. H. Rawson, was married in 1911 to Lord Leconfield, Lord Lieutenant of Sussex, the owner of glorious Petworth and Cockermouth Castle, Cumberland. Lady Leconfield wears tweed jackets and slacks for all her out door war and other activities

(Below) War Work Claims Attention

Lady Leconfield is occupied with many forms of war work. She runs the local Hospital Supply Depot, has found homes for many children rendered homeless by bombs, and has identified herself with the great work of the Women's Voluntary Services. Lady Leconfield is a born organiser, and in spite of all her war activities, the vast estate of Petworth runs smoothly under her supervision



Air-Raid Shelter

Under the centre façade of the present house there is part of a cellar dating back to 1688 which is presumably the undercroft of the Great Hall. Lady Leconfield uses the south end of this 100-ft.-long barrel-vaulted cellar as an air-raid shelter for the household and the staff. The north end houses some of the wonderful collection of pictures and valuables, including twenty portraits by Van Dyck, and several Turners, and one of the few portraits he ever painted

Photographs



Priceless Grinling

The protection and preservation of the unparalleled examples of famous Carved Room at Petworth present many difficulties (one of the largest privately owned in the country) has Master, Grinling Gibbons, however, with its exquisite tracery were designed specially for the decoration of this room, and



Necessary Repairs

A bulge appeared some time ago in the outer wall between the famous Carved Room and the Van Dyck Room at Petworth House, and Lady Leconfield has recently had the reinforcements overhauled, with larch poles pinned to the stonework to give the required support. It is to be hoped that no damage from air raids will ever scar this lovely English home. It was built originally in 1576 by the eighth Earl of Northumberland, and rebuilt in its present form in 1682 by the sixth Duke of Somerset on his marriage to the Percy heiress of the time



Tulip Trees, Old and New

Through the bare branches of the ancient tulip trees, a glimpse of Petworth House may be seen. In the Pheasant Copse, a double-rowed avenue of tulip trees, sixty-five in number, flanked at each end by groups of rare Serbian spruce, has been planted by Lady Leconfield

(Below) Lady Leconfield Rides a Motor-Bicycle

The Petworth property runs into thousands of acres, but Lady Leconfield, gets round it on a motor-bicycle which she has bought as a Christmas present for her adopted son, Peter Wyndham, who is still at Eton. Her "Mercury Model" tin hat is of her own design. Petworth is something typical of England with its beautiful trees, and deer grazing in the park, which one hopes will continue untouched in its perfection for many years

by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Grinling Gibbons Carving

Some of the work of Grinling Gibbons which adorn the walls of the Van Dyck Room at Petworth House, and Lady Leconfield has recently had the reinforcements overhauled, with larch poles pinned to the stonework to give the required support. It is to be hoped that no damage from air raids will ever scar this lovely English home. It was built originally in 1576 by the eighth Earl of Northumberland, and rebuilt in its present form in 1682 by the sixth Duke of Somerset on his marriage to the Percy heiress of the time



Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Jervis

THERE are now two actions in naval history with which the name is connected, of which it can be said that a single ship turned the chance of war. In the first one, H.M.S. Captain, commanded by a certain Commodore Horatio Nelson, saved his Admiral from a tactical error: in the second one, H.M.S. Jervis Bay, commanded by another fine sailor, Captain Fogarty Fegen, V.C., saved a major disaster by throwing his ship against quite as fearful odds as Nelson did at the battle of Cape St. Vincent.

In E. Keble Chatterton's *The Story of the British Navy*, the incident which corrected Sir John Jervis's error is admirably and concisely stated as follows—

Nelson's ship was in the rear of the British line, and with his readiness to take in a situation at a glance, he saw that Jervis [later Lord St. Vincent] had made a tactical mistake [i.e., in not ordering his ships to tack soon enough to avoid the Spanish Admiral de Cordova neutralising Jervis's first movement of cutting in between the two divisions of the enemy fleet—"S."]. . . . He [Nelson] did not hesitate to take upon himself responsibility . . . for realising that the Spaniards were now bearing up before the wind with the intention of forming their line, he had the genius and the pluck—totally unauthorised and disobeying orders—to wear his ship out of line, and little though she was, to shove her in the very path of the oncoming Spaniards.

H.M.S. Captain was only a 74; the Santissima Trinidad, the leading Spaniard,

de Cordova's flagship, mounted 130; the San Joseph and the Salvador del Mundo, 112 each, and there were four more nearly as heavy behind them. The Deutschland, or Lützow, or whatever her "purser's" name is, had 11-inch guns, and plenty of them; H.M.S. Jervis Bay had only 6-inch, and none too many. I suggest that this "Jervis" parallel is not uninteresting.

A Great Golf "Score," plus 15

FINE records are things which always intrigue everybody, and here is one, which I feel will interest every golfer, the thirty-five years achieved by Mr. R. A. Riddell, secretary of the Weston-super-Mare Club. He joined as paid secretary in 1905, and I believe this term of service is absolutely unchallengeable. I never have played this intricate and scientific game myself, but I am assured by highly competent authority that no one has even equalled this. It is a great innings, upon which even a mere foxhunting and "sport-on-four-legs" creature may be permitted to offer his felicitations. Mr. Riddell gave the *Bystander*, now connubially linked with the *Tatler*, a grand time when it held its £500 Golf Trophy Competition at Weston-super-Mare in 1938 and 1939, and this contest would have been held there again this year if war had not compelled its cancellation.

India's "Devon and Somerset"

A FRIEND (on paper) has been so kind as to send me, per our Editor, an account

of the Ootacamund point-to-point, which happened as long ago as September, over that famous hunting demesne, which has so often been likened to our own Devon and Somerset. The simile is apt. I have just about the same personal experience of each of them, and I frankly admit that I would rather ride a bad 'un over the Fernie country than the best one ever lapped in leather over either of them. But then, I may be unduly prejudiced, for I abominate mountains for foxhunting purposes—or any other, for that matter, and was finally confirmed in my bias after having been compelled to go to Tibet! However, the Ooty hounds, once upon a time staggers, but for many years past pursuers of the jackal, who has never been as good a beast of venery as the fox, have always provided everyone who has been to them with a vast amount of fun. Lord Willingdon, who is a past-Master, will back up this, and so will Captain H. A. Jaffray (who is also a former Brocklesby Master). Their point-to-point was a great success—big fields and no one much hurt.

The *Tatler's* correspondent, Mrs. Mildred Porter, says—

I think "Sabretache" must know this part of the world, the beautiful Nilgiri hills, as he has mentioned it in his notes. Hunting still continues, but it is child's-play compared to 1910 or thereabouts—the year poor young Lawley was killed. [I remember the sad incident, of course, but was in the North at the time. He was the son of the then Governor of Madras, the Hon. Sir Arthur Lawley, a son of Lord Wenlock. Their Excellencies were both out, and young Lawley, who was killed instantaneously, was not found for some time—"S."] Boggy crossings nowadays do not exist, and are all nice with pretty stone slabs. The steep hills, of course, remain, but the slippery cattle-tracks are non-existent. "Sabretache" would remember "Sloc" (Colonel Dennistoun), who died about nine months ago, and who was riding to within a few hours of his death. None of the Irwin family remain



Opening Meet of the Meath Foxhounds

Ireland's premier pack held their opening meet at Kilmessan on November 12th. Flight Lieut. David North Bomford, who was on a few days' leave from the R.A.F., staying with his parents in Co. Kildare, and Mrs. A. H. Connell were riding to Curtistown covert. Mrs. Connell is Joint-Master of the Meath with Major Evelyn Shirley and also sole Master of the North Kildare Harriers. She is the only woman Master of two packs in Ireland



Tally Ho!—

Harry Walker, the whip, views the fox breaking from Castletown covert, hunting with the famous Killing Kildares at Celbridge. These hounds, as we recorded last week, are being hunted this season by a committee of three



Photographs by Poole, Dublin

With the Killing Kildares

Lord and Lady Carew were out with the Kildare Hounds at the Celbridge meet. Lord Carew, a former Captain in the D.C.L.I., has rejoined the Army and was home on leave. Lady Carew is the only daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale



"All Blacks" Back Again

Two famous members of the "All Blacks," E. W. Tindall and C. Pepper, are in the first representative Colonial side to play Rugby in this country since the outbreak of the war. Tindall and Pepper, now serving as officers in the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, came over with the great New Zealand Rugby team which toured England in 1935-36

out here. They were *such* good horsemen. The first day of the point-to-point was run in beautiful weather, but after that it fell down on us.

H.E. the Governor a Competitor

THE outstanding features of the Ooty meeting were the victory of Mr. J. F. Smail in the Hunt Cup, on his own horse, Antique; this was their combined fourth win, as they had collected this much-valued trophy in 1936, 1937, and 1939; and H.E. the Governor, Sir Arthur Hope, having a crack at this event on Ginger Griffin, which I gather he owns. His

Excellency is Lord Rankeillour's son and heir, and hence a kinsman of the Viceroy of India. Lord Linlithgow's youngest daughter, Lady Doreen Hope, who is joint-Master of the Delhi hounds, rode the winner of the Willie Burke Memorial Cup, Major A. G. W. Curtis's Abdication, and she was also in the money in the Combined Race; and so representatives of the ruling families in Hindustan had a goodish day out. Incidentally, Lady Doreen Hope and her sisters used to be well known with the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire hounds, which pack I also happen to know.

The Radetsky Hussars' Club

IN a most interesting article upon the departed glories of Vienna, contributed to *The Times* by a neutral correspondent who had recently returned from what was once the gayest and pleasantest capital in the world, no mention was made of the club which was once run by the crack light cavalry unit of the Austrian Army. It is almost impossible to believe that it can have survived the Anschluss; in fact, I was told that it went under during, or, at any rate, shortly after the last war, which left the Dual Monarchy so sadly impoverished. In Franz Josef's days the Radetsky Hussars' Club was rated the most exclusive establishment of its kind in the whole universe, so much so, in fact, that its committee made a certain Royal Personage take his candidate down. The candidate, it may be mentioned, was a member of one of the most renowned families in all Europe, one credited with having financed at least one war. It seems almost unnecessary to put a more definite identification disc upon it: but because the candidate was a financier and a Jew the Royal proposer was told quite firmly that his protégé's name must be withdrawn. This resulted in the threat that the Royal Personage would resign his

membership. It was of no avail; the Radetsky Hussars were adamant, and in the end the proposer did send in his resignation. That gay composition, "The Radetsky March," is one of the pieces almost every schoolgirl has had to try to learn to play at some time or other in her musical career. Now, of course, it is only a memory of the glories of the Austrian opposite number of our own 10th Hussars. There is a clue in the last sentence which may be quickly perceived by officers past and present of the surviving regiment.

A Home From Home For T.A.

THOSE who read Lord Nathan's appeal a short time ago for "Home from Home" centres for H.M. Forces may be interested in the World Service Group Club, which as a private enterprise has been working along these lines for some little time in London. Designed to create an atmosphere of homely comfort for members of the Forces, this modest little club is, so far as is known, the only place of its kind in the Chelsea district which is open after dark—until 9.30 p.m.—to which members of H.M. Forces can go and find a warm welcome, a hot meal, a cosy fire and armchairs, a piano, and so forth. The reason why I mention this particular centre is that it is run entirely upon what is called voluntary lines, which means just this, that the lady member of the W.S.G. who started it foots the bill out of her own pocket for any deficit—and, as the scheme is working at a loss, this is not exactly a light matter. "Ammunition" is badly needed, and I somehow feel that this fact has only to be made known to get a quick response. More voluntary help is badly needed in addition to the financial aid already mentioned. The address is 11, Cheltenham Terrace, S.W.3, and it only needs a bit of a leg-up to put it well and truly on its feet.



Commandant of the French A.T.S.

Mme. René Mathieu, the French tennis champion, and three times winner of the doubles championship at Wimbledon, has been appointed to command General de Gaulle's Corps Feminin, the French equivalent of the A.T.S. Mme. Jane Williamson, a French girl, was the first to enlist. Mme. Mathieu's husband is an officer in the Free French Army



A Meet of the Christ Church Beagles

The kennel huntsman, W. Clinkard, who has been with the Christ Church Beagles for over forty years, and the acting Master, Mr. P. W. V. Minoprio, move off with the "House" pack after their meet at Baldon Turn. This pack has a long history. In 1852 a pack of beagles existed which later gave way to harriers until 1872. The kennels at Garsington were empty until 1874, when the present pack was founded. Among the interesting people who have acted as Master are two sons of Viscount Halifax, the Hon. Charles and the Hon. Peter Wood

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Water

"HYDROPONICS" is what they call it, a most depressing science which consists in growing things not in the earth, but in tanks containing water. It appears that a tank the size of a wash-basin, some water and a bottle of chemicals will give the family two veg. for eternity.

There is no digging to be done, no hoeing, no fiddling about with clods of earth. The ersatz agriculturist pours in the water and then gets on with his fine needlework. It will deprive the comic writers of one of their most cherished characters: the dumb and droomie digger. And the results are impressive—that is the trouble.

I have been reading a book on the subject, and it does look rather as if the next step in the movement away from the land and towards mechanisation and metropolitanism will be the water-culture tank in place of the vegetable garden. All of which brings us back to the age-old question, now asked with some bitterness about aviation: how far can human beings be trusted with scientific discoveries?

Air

AVIATION is blamed for all our ills, and it does seem the cause of a good few of them. But closer inspection shows that it is no more responsible for them than hydroponics will be responsible for bad food and beastly landscapes if it is taken up in a big commercial way. Properly used, hydroponics might be of immense value; properly used, aviation can be of immense value. Both of them can add to our leisure by saving time.

But hitherto the idea has prevailed that one saves time in order to squander it on idleness; whereas the real happiness recipe is to use it for active effort. Aviation has nothing intrinsically wrong with it. If its main purpose is now dropping bombs, that is the fault of the way it has been used and not of the thing itself. "Back to the land" is a sound cry; "Back to the air" is equally sound.

War Transport

IT is because of this that the news that Britain is to continue to run air lines linking parts of the Commonwealth together during the war was welcome. Production of military aircraft and the training of military airmen must take precedence over the production of civil aircraft and airmen; but, when it can be done, the maintenance of civil air lines is enormously advantageous.

Communications, like wave-lengths, cover a big range, and what corresponds to the short-wave stuff—radio, telegraph and telephone—must be supplemented by what corresponds to the longer-wave stuff—written letter and document, sample parcel and personal visit.

We must encourage our commercial travellers to go not only from pub to pub, but also from airfield to airfield (as the daily newspapers and even—I regret to note—the Air Ministry now call them). Our Empire communications are incomplete without the air lines, and we must use every endeavour to keep those lines going in so far as is possible during war.



Two of the New R.A.F. Appointments

Air Marshal E. L. Gossage and Air Vice-Marshal Philip Babington have both got new jobs in the list of R.A.F. appointments announced last week. Air Marshal Gossage has gone from the Air Ministry, where he was Air Member of Personnel, to the Balloon Command. Air Vice-Marshal Babington, now Acting Air Marshal, replaces Gossage



The R.A.F.'s First Fighter-Pilot V.C.

Flight Lieut. James Brindley Nicholson, of No. 249 Squadron, received his V.C. for "most conspicuous bravery" in continuing a fight with a "Messerschmitt" when his "Hurricane" was on fire, and he, already twice wounded, was being badly burned on face, neck, hands and legs. He brought the German down, and then baled out himself. He was photographed here with fellow-convalescents at a West of England hospital. Notable was his telegraphic announcement to his wife of the award: "Just got V.C., don't know why." Flight Lieut. Nicholson is twenty-three

Up the "Owlet"

WHEN Gordon England, of the General Aircraft Company, announced that he believed in the tricycle, not many people took much notice. He produced the "Cygnet," a neat little side-by-side light aeroplane with tricycle undercarriage, and people went down and flew it and waxed enthusiastic.

But few of those who sit in high places also sat in the "Cygnet" or realised that Gordon England was pioneering something. Now they begin to see it. The tricycles are coming. And their value is far greater than had originally been supposed. For they not only make flying easier and safer, but they also make it faster. They minister to speed as much as to safety.

That is a point of enormous importance which the Americans are teaching us. The tricycle undercarriage allows one to land an aeroplane in flying position, with tail up, instead of landing it in the "deck-chair" position with nose up. It is a big advantage because it makes ground braking more effective and it prevents bouncing and bucking. But it also enables higher wing-loadings to be used.

In some of the new American fighters with tricycle undercarriage, wing-loadings a good deal higher than anything we have tried yet on standard military types are employed. That means that speeds are stepped-up. Actually the first tricycle undercarriage machine in the Royal Air Force is a bomber, the Douglas "Boston." But that does not alter the fact that this kind of chassis may push up speeds in all classes.

And if we turn entirely to the tricycle, we shall require tricycle trainers and then, perhaps, Gordon England will at last reap the benefit of his far-sightedness, for he has now got out a modification of the "Cygnet," called the "Owlet," which has this form of undercarriage and also has tandem seating. It is, in fact, an excellent machine for Service tricycle training. It seems strange that, in 1940, we should again be learning the tricycle. It seems a pity it is not for the harmless uses that our grandfathers learned it.

Personalities

I SUPPOSE the thing that people in the Service remember most clearly about Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, who has been made Commander-in-Chief the Far East, is his rather high-pitched voice. I used to come across him sometimes when he was in charge of the experimental and research sides of the Royal Air Force. He proved well able to compete with the slide-rule virtuosi and to hold to an essential point through all manner of technical smoke-screens.

Another Royal Air Force personality in the news lately has been Sir Wilfrid Freeman. He has moved from the Ministry of Aircraft Production to be Vice-Chief of the Air Staff, so that he will work in close collaboration with Air Chief-Marshal Sir Charles Portal. I have not yet heard of any appointment to fill Sir Wilfrid's place.

Both appointments, that of Sir Robert Brooke-Popham and of Sir Wilfrid Freeman, concern men who are held in high regard throughout the Service.

With the Fleet Air Arm — No. 14



Junior Officers' Boat-Drill: By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

This thrilling mêlée is not, as one might suppose it to be, a party abandoning ship, but only an educational boat-drill for junior officers of the R.N.V.R. (A.), or, less cryptically, pilots of the Fleet Air Arm. This drill is to teach them the various aspects of seamanship which they are expected to know in addition to their flying duties. The group above have encountered a little difficulty in getting their boat away from the davits, much to the agony of the Commander of the cruiser on which they are practising

Oxford Wedding

The Vice-Chancellor's Daughter
Marries a Soldier



Mrs. C. E. Hunt, the bridegroom's mother (centre), is with the bride's mother and brother, Mrs. George Gordon and Lieutenant Gordon



The Rev. Dr. F. Homes Dudden, Master of Pembroke College, and his wife, and Miss Greer, Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, arrived at the wedding together

Photographs by Johnson, Oxford



Brother officers of the bridegroom's at the wedding were Lieut. Robert Humphrey, Sec.-Lieut. Thomas Spalding, Lieut. Cyril Turner and Lieut. Paul Redway. Mrs. Humphrey, Mrs. Spalding and Mrs. Redway came with their husbands



Miss Janet Gordon and Sec.-Lieutenant Hugh Hunt

Hugh Hunt, now serving with Queen Victoria's Rifles, K.R.R.C., is a former president of the O.U.D.S. Janet Gordon is the only daughter of Professor and Mrs. George Stuart Gordon; her father is Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University and President of Magdalen. They were married at St. Mary the Virgin Church, Oxford, with a reception at the President's Lodgings, Magdalen College



Professor Gordon gave his daughter away. With him here is the best man, Sec.-Lieut. the Earl of Rosslyn



Two ushers were Mr. Tony Hagill and Captain John Gordon, another of the bride's three brothers



Mr. Douglas Veal, Registrar of Oxford University, and his wife were guests



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Gifts*



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Morocco Leather Beauty Box fitted with essential preparations and make-up. By a clever device bottles swing upright when the box is opened, 7½ gns.

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Gilt Oval Powder Case: A case with the charm of an old-fashioned snuff-box. In velvet lined box. Engraved with your own monogram, 2 gns.

Eau du Nil Soap: Elizabeth Arden Soap — bland, fragrant, refreshing — is always welcome. Box of three tablets, 6/-, or big amusing "Jumbo" size, 4/6.

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Any Elizabeth Arden preparation makes a Christmas Gift that is bound to give pleasure. There is a Gift for every woman — to suit every donor's pocket. ELIZABETH ARDEN 25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1

Racing in Ireland

More Meetings on the Flat at Naas, Co. Kildare

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



Baybush Wins the Park Hurdle Plate

Miss Hilda Ball, the popular Irish owner, is leading in her mare, Baybush, ridden by Tim Hyde, after she won the Park Hurdle Plate at Naas Races on Nov. 9th. Tim Hyde rode Workman, winner of last year's Grand National



In the Paddock

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent were in the paddock together at Naas. Some years ago Mr. Vincent, an ex-Senator of the Irish Free State, gave his home, Muckcross, to the Irish nation



Owner and Trainer

Colonel Arthur J. Blake trains for Lord and Lady Talbot de Malahide, with whom he is chatting. Malahide Castle, Lord Talbot's home, is said to be one of the oldest-inhabited castles in Ireland



Judge

Mr. J. W. Murland, who officiates at all the Irish race meetings, was judging at Naas on November 9th. The Irish Turf Club has decided to extend the flat racing season from Nov. 22nd to Dec. 7th



Auctioneer

Captain J. A. Vernon, M.C., well known to all buyers at the Dublin Horse Show, is the presiding genius of the rostrum at Messrs. Goff's (the Tattersalls of Ireland), was watching form at Naas



Race-Goers

Mrs. Bramwell and Viscountess Suirdale were racing together. Mrs. Bramwell is the wife of Captain H. Bramwell, an ex-Master of the Duhallow and the North Kilkenny. He rejoined his regiment on the outbreak of war. Lady Suirdale married the Earl of Donoughmore's heir in 1925



Spectators

Mrs. Lennox Livingstone Learmonth acted as Master of the Duhallow Hounds last season for her husband, who has now resigned. (Mr. A. C. Fane carries on as sole Master.) She is with Mr. Denys Domville, son of the late C. B. Domville and the Hon. Mrs. Herbrand Alexander



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HERRINGBONE "CAMERON" SUIT. Knitted Jacquard Material. £5 10 0
 Packable. Travel-worthy.
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 Superb square shoulders.



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Clear, natural colours beautifully combined and some inspired pieces of designing make the new Braemar wartime collection one of the real achievements in contemporary fashion. You can get Braemar Knitwear at most good shops and stores. Please write to the address below if you have any difficulty.



Striped botany wool blouse, tailored and chic. (O.3935,34/6).
 Farther left, the Braemar classic Cardigan and Jumper Set.
 Obtainable in Pure Cashmere, Lambswool and Pure Botany
 at prices varying according to quality.

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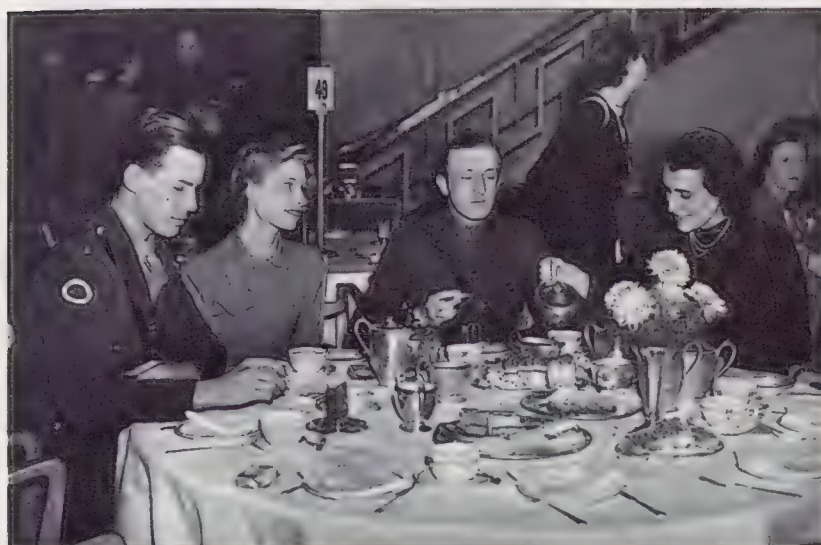
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Notable Guests

The Polish Minister of State, General Haller, was with Lady Ironside, Vice-Chairman of the Officers' Sunday Club and wife of Field-Marshal Sir Edmund Ironside, and Colonel Peters at the reopening of the Club at Grosvenor House



A Tea-party

Mr. Skewes-Cox, Miss Leslie, Lord Carrington, Grenadier Guards, who succeeded his father in 1938, and Miss Skewes-Cox were having tea together at the reopening party at Grosvenor House. The Club has entertained 15,000 officers since its inauguration six months ago by the Dowager Marchioness Townshend

Hostesses in Uniform



Officers' Sunday Club

Reopening Party at Grosvenor House



Thé Dansant

Sir Stephen Bull, Bt., who is in the R.A.F.V.R., was dancing with Lady Portal, wife of the recently appointed Chief of Air Staff, Air Marshal Sir Charles Portal

The Officers' Sunday Club, the only Club of its kind in London recognised by the War Office, has moved from the Dorchester to Grosvenor House, as more space was needed. The Great Room or Ballroom (once a skating-rink), at which many important Charity Balls have been held, is now being used. A great number of officers, of our own and the Allied Forces, avail themselves of the excellent entertainment, dancing and cabaret, etc., provided for their amusement by the Chairman and Committee, whose sole object is to achieve this end



Between Dances

Colonel Thursby-Pelham, his daughter, Miss Rola Thursby-Pelham, Mr. Peter Tunnard, Lady Patricia French, twenty-one-year-old daughter of the Earl of Ypres and sister of Viscount French, and Mr. Maurice Baring were having tea between the dances

Left: Miss Eva Gerka and Lady Elizabeth Rufus Isaacs, who are both in the M.T.C., help to entertain the guests at the Officers' Sunday Club. Lady Elizabeth is the younger daughter of the Marquess of Reading

Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

ONE from "across the herring-pond": The two gentlemen of colour stood on a Harlem street corner one recent evening. One was a horse-player who hadn't had a real winner for some time. The other was a gentleman who dealt in charms, magic powders, dream books, and so on. He liked to refer to himself as a magician. Now he was talking:

"Yass, suh," he assured the horse-player, "yo' is indeed lucky yo' has mettin' up with me. Ah has in mah possession a lucky charm dat Ah uses only fo' de horses. Yo' pays me fifty cents, Ah waves dis speshul lucky charm—and yo' can't lose."

The horse-player regarded the magician with big eyes. "Yo' mean to stand dere, brothah," he cried, and tell me dat if Ah invests in yo' lucky charm, Ah gotta win on de hosses? And all fo' fifty cents a day?" The magician assured him that such was indeed the case. This special charm had never failed.

"Den it's a deal," said the horse-player happily. "Here's yo' fifty cents. Work it fo' me to-morrow."

Sad to relate, the charm failed to work. The bettor lost a large sum, and he complained bitterly to the magician the following night. The magician shook his head.

"Ah can't understand it," he asserted. "Dat charm has never failed me befoh. Yo' jest try it once moah, and it's bound to work."

So the horse-player shelled out another fifty cents. Once again he had another very bad day. And it was a very nervous magician who met the backer the following night.

Strangely enough, however, the horse-player was extremely happy. Much to the magician's amazement, the other man took fifty cents from his pocket and handed it over.

"Brother," he announced, "Ah think yo' got somethin' in dat charm. Yo' work it again to-morrow, only yo' works it a little different."

"Different?" repeated the magician nervously.

"Yass, suh," he replied. "Once again yo' wields yo' magic charm—but to-morrow yo' works fo' de bookmaker!"

A MAN who had had a slight motoring accident, which necessitated the application of sticking-plaster to his nose, was called upon to interview the local inspector of taxes.

"Had an accident to your nose?" the latter asked sympathetically.

"No," said the taxpayer shortly, "I've been paying through it for so long that it has given way under the strain."

THIS story comes from J. B. Booth's *Life, Laughter and Brass Hats*. It concerns a rehearsal years ago of Hall Caine's *The Bondman*, at Drury Lane. The author had ventured on a few suggestions to the leading lady. He said: "At the beginning of the speech, 'No one can say you're wrong,' I would like you to stand here. You don't mind, do you?"

"Oh, dear, no, Mr. Caine," replied Mrs. Pat Campbell with much sweetness. "My greatest desire is to achieve success for *your* sake. By the way, have you written anything before?"

A NEWLY PROMOTED Colonel gave a dinner to his regiment. Addressing the men, he said jovially: "Now fall upon the food without mercy—treat it as if it were the enemy."

At the end of the dinner he noticed a sergeant sneaking away with two bottles of wine.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Obeying orders, sir," was the reply. "When you don't kill the enemy you take them prisoners."



"According to his identification card he was some kind of salesman"

A NEW and true "white-feather" story from Whitehall is told by a writer in the *Evening Standard*:

An old Blimp, a soldier, and a young civilian were travelling in the same railway compartment.

The Blimp talked to the soldier, extolled his bravery, extended his adulation to all men in the fighting Services, and referred pointedly and repeatedly to young men in civilian dress who failed to do their duty in the war.

The young civilian kept quiet until the train stopped at a station. Then he got up to leave. "I'd like you to know," he said to the Blimp, "that I work in the Foreign Office. If it hadn't been for us you wouldn't have had your war at all."



"My Gawd—it was awful!
Even the men were standing!"

AFTER attacking an enemy ship, one of our submarines dived and waited for the depth-charges.

One of these exploded near enough to the submarine to make it reel over so far that the alarm-bell rang, and some of the lights went out. For a moment there was a dead silence as everyone waited for what might happen next. Then the ship's comedian came out with:

"Give the gent. a coconut, Bill! He's rung the bell!"

"YOUR daughter has a fine touch, Mrs. Murphy," remarked a friend, listening to Miss Murphy playing the piano.

"Yis, so they be tellin' me," replied Mrs. Murphy. "An' shure, 'tis no wonder, for she loves the pianny and niver tires of it; she has a great taste for moosic, but then, that's only natural, for her gran'father had his skull broke wid a cornet at a temperance picnic."



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TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

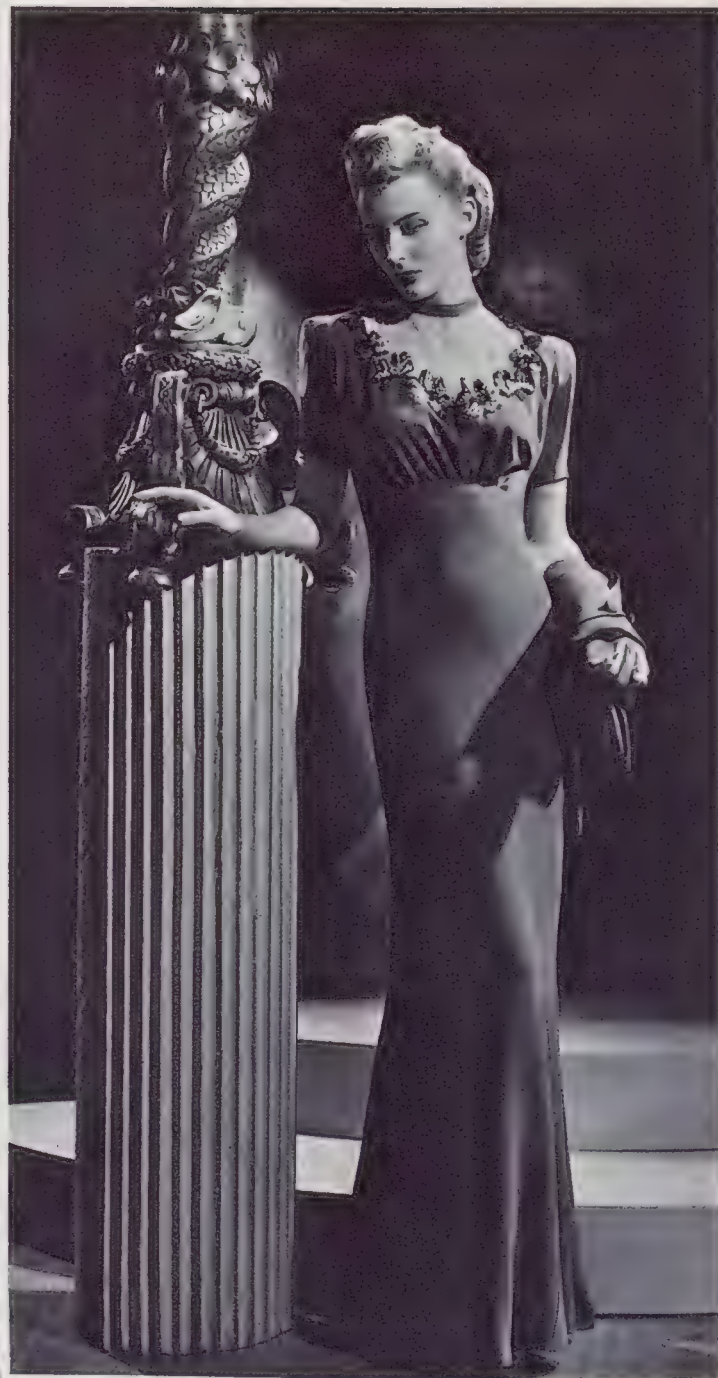
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Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

Wool for the Cheerful Colours Soft Draperies Evening

Englishwomen are always faithful to tailored simplicity, which is as becoming to slight women as to those of more generous proportions. This applies to coats and skirts as well as to little dresses and coats. The former are often finished with neat turnover collars, cuffs and narrow belts. Never has there been a time when the colours of the tweeds have been more cleverly blended. The whole gamut of clover shades is introduced, as well as undefined yellows and blues. The suit below comes from the house of Jay, Regent Street, and, as will be seen, the design has been arranged in an original manner to help the figure. The skirt is full and the coat semi-fitting; the blouse-top is of soft wool, a certain amount of fullness being present at the back. Pockets are very important this season. Sometimes they are mere slits, while at others they are capacious affairs with turnover flaps



Day dresses are decidedly short, while those for the evening (or the apologies for the same) are long and are carried out in soft crêpe and wool. They are accompanied by coatees lightened with gay embroideries of the same character as those seen on the frocks. Belts are often introduced. Intricate detail is missing, soft draperies being substituted. It is at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, that this graceful dinner dress may be seen. It is of crêpe in a red clover shade, enriched with embroidery, the yoke being of net. The corsage is becomingly full, introducing godets, and the scheme is completed with a neat bolero, which can be worn when additional warmth is needed. There are other dresses of "whiskered" wool



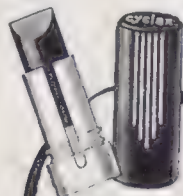
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Velvet Grape, the latest Cyclax creation, is a classic addition to the famous range of Cyclax lipsticks. A rare and perfect colour... soft, deep red... lending a subtle bloom to the lips... blending beautifully with the new season's fashionable vineyard shades... and particularly attractive with black or navy. A special feature of Velvet Grape is the new Cyclax smooth base imparting a natural and supple finish.

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Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Philips—Hornsby

Lieut. Herbert Francis Humphrey Philips, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, second son of the late Rev. George Philips, and Mrs. Philips, and Dheirdre Hornsby, elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. J. A. Hornsby, of Ashwell Grange, Oakham, Rutland, were married at St. Mary's, Ashwell



McGrath—Mooney

Pilot Officer John K. McGrath, D.F.C., R.A.F., and Martha Jane Mooney were married at St. James's, Spanish Place. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. George B. McGrath, of The Postern, Tonbridge, Kent. She is the daughter of James D. Mooney, Vice-President of General Motors Corporation, New York, she came to England to drive an ambulance



Thursby—Monins

Sec.-Lieut. John Harvey Thursby, Irish Guards, elder son of the Rev. Harvey and Mrs. Thursby, of Culverlands, Burghfield Common, Berks., and Mrs. Margaret Carter Monins, widow of John Eaton Monins, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Carter, of St. Louis, U.S.A., were married at Burghfield Parish Church



Bols—Berney: a Simla Wedding

Lieut. Kenneth W. Bols and Estelle Elaine Berney, daughter of Sir Thomas Berney, Bt., of White Gates, Kingswood, Surrey, and Mrs. Eric Dorman-Smith, of Bellamont Forest, Co. Cavan, were married at Simla. In this group are Flying Officer C. W. Newman, the bride and bridegroom behind; in front, Lady Cassels, Jacqueline Wheeler, Sir Robert Cassels, Mrs. Dorman-Smith, Ann Barltorp, Jim Mackie, Susan Birnie, the Marchioness of Linlithgow, Julia Wheeler, Sir Henry Craik, the Bishop of Lahore

(Concluded on page 356)

Trustworthy advice...



Mrs. D : I know it was my husband's intention that the boys should benefit from my legacy when they come of age. It's not a great sum as you know, only £1,000, and the important thing is that it should not diminish.

Executor : Precisely. We must find an investment that is safe and profitable. You say you have the full quota of Savings Certificates?

Mrs. D : Very nearly, and the boys have been saving too—we make an effort to put something into Savings Certificates every week. But I want this legacy kept separate.

Executor : Well, my advice to you is to put it into Defence Bonds as you have not yet bought any. They are, in my opinion, ideal for a case such as yours. You see, they do not fluctuate in value. If you invest £100, you can always get £100 back so that the legacy cannot depreciate.

Mrs. D : I thought of that. And the rate of interest is good, too, isn't it?

Executor : Three per cent is excellent for an investment as safe as this. Also—this is worth considering in your position—the interest is paid out to you automatically every six months.

Mrs. D : Very well, I'll put the money in Defence Bonds. Will you see to it?

Executor : With pleasure. I will ring up my stockbroker and arrange it. I think you are doing a very wise thing—a very profitable thing. And if you can afford to leave the money untouched for seven years, you will get a bonus of £1 on every £100 invested. That will make a very useful addition.

★
Save regularly week by week. Go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into Defence Bonds or National War Bonds; or buy Savings Certificates; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks. Join a Savings Group and make others join with you.

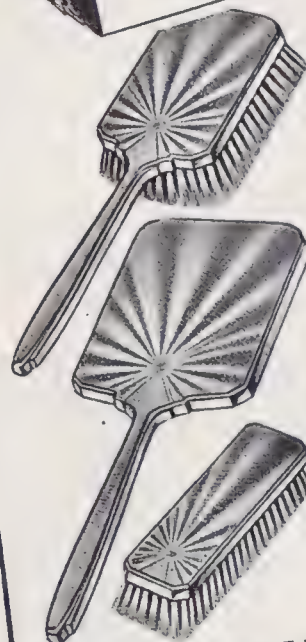
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In the showrooms of The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths will be found a wide selection of worthy gifts and most of the stock having been purchased early is free of purchase tax.

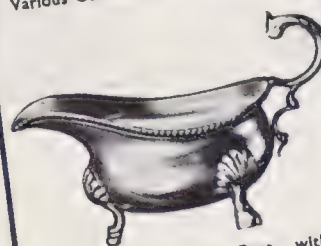
For those who cannot call at the showrooms a special list has been prepared and will be sent, post free, on application.



Sterling Silver and Enamel Toilet Service comprising Handmirror, two Hair Brushes, Hat and Cloth Brushes, and Silver and Enamel Mounted Comb. Various Colours, £12 10 0 complete.



Gentlemen's Dressing Case in limp polished pigskin with zip fastener, fitted Chromium-plated Boxes and figured Ebony Brushes. Size closed, 11½ x 7½ inches, £6 15 0



Sterling Silver Sauce Boat, with Gadroon Mount. Three Sizes: £2 15 0; £3 15 0; £5 15 0.



Sterling Silver Waiter, "Gadroon" pattern.
6 inches £3 0 0 12 inches £10 0 0
8 " £4 7 6 14 " £13 15 0
10 " £6 15 0 16 " £19 15 0



Sterling Silver Sugar Dredger, height 7½ inches, £3 12 6

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Getting Married

(Continued)



Ward—Hemming

Pilot Officer Boris Ward, R.A.F.V.R., and Assistant-Section-Officer Patricia Joan Hemming, W.A.A.F., were married at St. Philip's Russian Church, Victoria. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. H. E. F. Ward, of Upper Norwood and Tientsin. She is the daughter of Wing Com. and Mrs. H. Hemming, of Bridgewater, Bourne End, Bucks. Both work at the Air Ministry



Hoggarth—Blackstone

Sec.-Lieut. Peter Hoggarth, R.A., elder son of the late Captain Hoggarth, and Mrs. Hoggarth, of the Castle, Dyserth, Flintshire, and Pamela Blackstone, fifth daughter of the late Dr. Blackstone, and Mrs. Blackstone, of Ringwood, Hants., were married at Ringwood Parish Church



Bennett—Bailey

Lieut.-Col. Lewis Duncan Bennett, M.C., T.D., the London Scottish (the Gordon Highlanders), son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Bennett, and Betty Lydia Bailey, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Bailey, of 23, Southwood Avenue, Highgate, were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street



Holloway—Pyman

Sec.-Lt. Bernard Nigel Holloway, R.E., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Holloway, of Cranmore, Alan Road, Wimbledon, and Marian June Pyman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cresswell Pyman, of West Hartlepool, were married at Lythe Church, Whitby, Yorkshire



Barrett—Bacon

Sec.-Lieut. James J. H. (Tony) Barrett, R.A., of 6, Gray's Inn Square, W.C.1, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. W. Barrett, of 4, Succoth Place, Edinburgh, and Amy Theresa (Bunt) Bacon, daughter of the late Harold Bacon, of Wilmslow, and Mrs. Bacon, of Aylmers Field, Hale Barns, Cheshire, were married at Wilmslow Parish Church



Dudgeon—Finigan

Flying Officer Patrick Dudgeon, R.A.F.V.R., son of the late A. E. T. Dudgeon, and Mrs. Dudgeon, of Aldeburgh, Suffolk, and 19, Wilbraham Place, S.W.1, and Daphne Mira Finigan, only daughter of the late William Finigan, and Mrs. G. Finigan, of Garden House, Aldeburgh, were married at Woodbridge R.C. Church



Fry—M'Kendrick

J. McGregor Fry, only son of Captain F. M. Fry, of Cedar Hall, Bristol, and of the famous chocolate-making firm, and Olive M'Kendrick, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Souttar M'Kendrick, of 6, Buckingham Terrace, Glasgow, were married at Westbourne Church, Glasgow



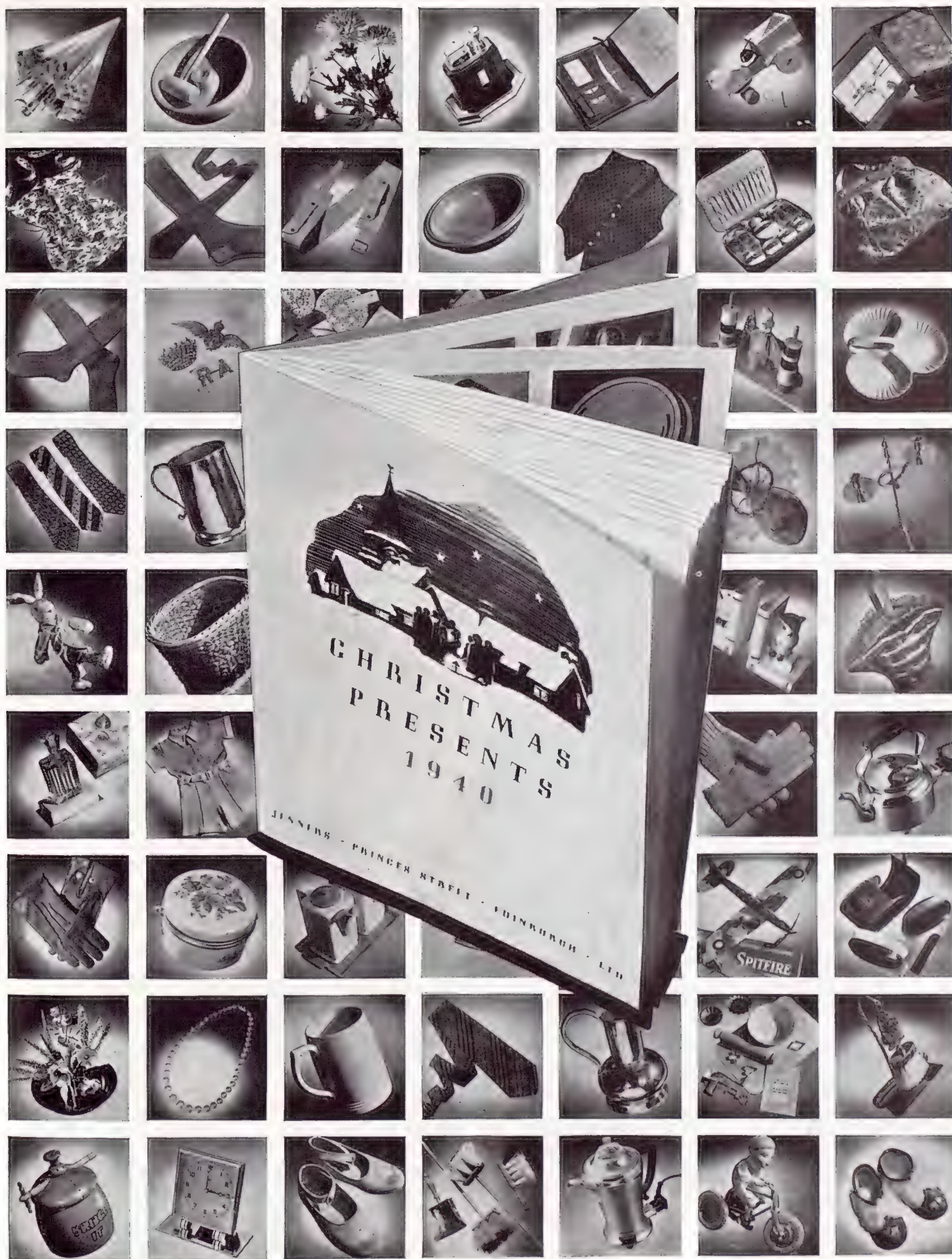
Wagstaffe—Atkinson

A recent wedding in India was that of Keith Desmond Wagstaffe, Indian Police, and Louise Nita Atkinson, only child of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Atkinson, of Bhawalpur House, Lahore, at the Roman Catholic Church, Gulmarg. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Wagstaffe, of Bidborough, Kent



Anderson—Gebbie

Another wedding in Glasgow was that of Dr. W. Ferguson Anderson and Margaret Gebbie at Pollokshields East Church. He is the son of the late Capt. J. Anderson, and Mrs. Anderson, of Whitecraigs, Renfrewshire. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. J. Gebbie, of 9, Lethington Road, Whitecraigs



Jenners Christmas Catalogue is smaller than usual this year but there are more pages. It is as full as ever of presents for everyone at every sort of price, including pages of presents at fixed

prices of 5/-, 7/6, 10/6, and a guinea. Do your Christmas shopping in comfort by the fireside; a postcard will bring you this book free from Jenners, Princes Street, Edinburgh, Ltd.

Way of the War

(Continued from page 317)

in fighting a difficult war. But the Prime Minister, presumably in his capacity as Minister of Defence, has small planning staffs of his own. Only when they have elaborated the Premier's latest idea does it fall to the Service Chiefs to produce papers on the subject. One can imagine, however, that even this may lead to some sleepless nights in Whitehall.

A Colleague Killed

THERE was very genuine regret in journalistic London when the news came through that Mr. Ralph Barnes, of the *New York Herald Tribune* had been killed in serving his paper in Greece. He was a likeable fellow, and an excellent, hard-working correspondent; had spent many years in Moscow and Berlin, and came to Britain early in the war to become a war correspondent. His colleagues knew him as a pertinacious seeker after the truth.

London has been lucky in the team of correspondents sent over here from the United States; or perhaps it is just that American correspondents as a whole are good fellows. Certainly our present lot, most of whom have stayed with us since the outbreak of hostilities, have played a very important rôle in educating their countrymen up to a true and generous appreciation of what we are trying to do in this war. Ralph Barnes was one of those.

An Appreciation

I MET Mr. Ben Robertson, of the new American daily *P.M.*, just back from a visit to Dublin. He was more than a little disgusted to find that



Son and Grandson of Soldiers

Robert Orde Mark Dobbie, with his mother here, is the son of Captain and Mrs. O. C. S. Dobbie. His father, who is a gunner, is the youngest son of Lieutenant-General W. G. S. Dobbie, Acting Governor and C-in-C., Malta. General Dobbie was appointed in April in place of Sir Charles Bonham-Carter who was then ill, and who retired altogether in October

business and pleasure as usual were the order of the day and night in Eire.

Just afterwards my eye was caught by this extract from one of his latest dispatches. This is what he said: "St. Paul's, the Abbey and St.

Martin-in-the-Fields are noble structures, and while they last Londoners will worship before them. But you know that Londoners won't give up when these memorials have vanished. The city which Londoners cherish now is a place of living spirit; something that no German can reach.

"This city which is being battered every night is alive as it hasn't been in our generation. These Englishmen, inspired by this type of faith have an iron constitution and the trust of Job."



A Bombed Hospital

The Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children was one of the first and worst victims of the blitzkrieg. Here nurses are examining hideous souvenirs left by the German bombers. Lord Southwood, chairman of the hospital, is making a special Christmas appeal on its behalf. TATLER readers may send contributions direct to him at the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, W.C.1

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To Manufacturers on War Production. We can still supply Anglepoise Lamps against contract numbers.

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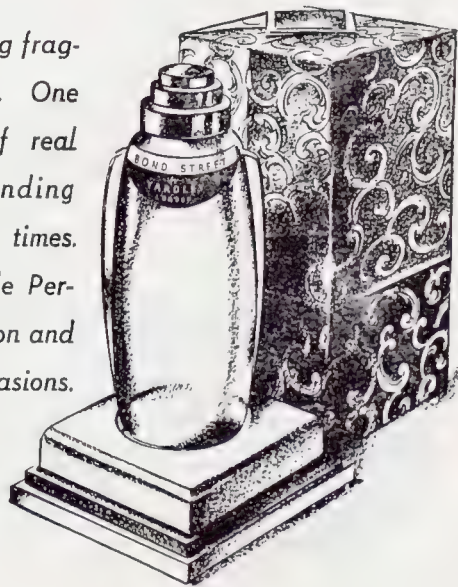
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TESTIMONIAL
TO TERRY'S
ANGLEPOISE
LAMPS

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PURE SILK STOCKINGS

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IF you are unfortunate enough to be kept awake most of the night by "barrage din", or for any other reason, you needn't feel tired out and listless all day.

Put EBE in your bath next morning — in fact every morning. EBE gently soaks away your tiredness. When you step out on to your bath mat, you'll feel as fit as a fiddle and brimming over with energy.



That is why EBE bath preparations, although in the super luxury class, have a very practical application in these strenuous times. Try EBE to-day.

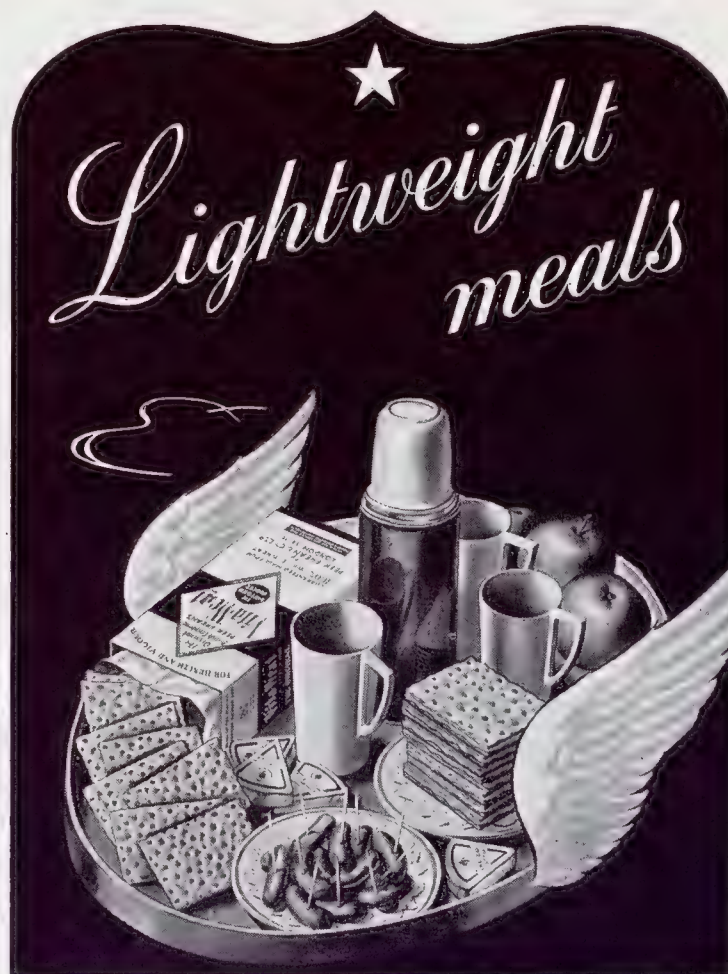
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Cosmetic Soap - 1/3



FOR NIGHT-LONG RAIDS

Do you prepare a 'shelter snack' to break the monotony of the long night raids? Often, such a meal, if properly chosen, will help the family to sleep and will replenish stores of much needed energy.

First rule for the shelter snack is to avoid starchy foods. For starch overloads the stomach, hampers the digestion and may even increase nervous tension.

One of the main constituents of your shelter meals should always be Vita-Weat. This featherweight, crunchy crispbread contains the compressed essence of the whole sun-ripened wheat. It is vitamin-rich, nourishing, yet light and easy to digest.

SOME VITA-WEAT IDEAS
Try these Vita-Weat ideas and see how much better you sleep and how refreshed you feel when the all-clear sounds:

A vacuum flask of hot milky coffee, slices of Vita-Weat spread with a savoury paste or cream cheese. A hot food drink or cocoa, a packet of

Vita-Weat and cold Paris sausages. A hot food drink, Vita-Weat, cheese and fruit.

It is patriotic to buy Vita-Weat
Thousands of people get an extra satisfaction out of Vita-Weat, for the wheat that goes into it springs from British soil, and British machines' and British workmen turn it into the delicious crispbread that you know.

Vita-Weat is still at pre-war price
Here's one more reason for laying in a good stock of this valuable, long-keeping crispbread.



★ CARTONS 1/6 AND 10d.

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Round the Restaurants

"The Tatler and Bystander" Guide to Lunching,
Dining and Dancing in Wartime London

Maison Prunier

IT was never to be expected that the indomitable Madame Prunier would for long permit the Luftwaffe to reduce her restaurant to half-pressure. So it is no surprise to find that now the black-out dinner has been reinstated and that Maison Prunier is ready to serve you noon and night.

And characteristically Madame has gone a step further than other restaurateurs in looking to the convenience of her clients. Her special taxi service will not only guarantee to get you home when you are replete with Prunier food and Prunier wines, but, do you but warn Regent 1373 in advance of your desire to dine chez Prunier, will fetch you at your home and take you to the feast, blitz or not.

And have no fear that Goering's worst will be allowed to lower Prunier standards. Only recently a carelessly laid bomb cut off almost every service normally considered necessary to good cooking, besides diverting the water supply from the taps into the cellars. It meant a pretty hard morning's work for Madame and her staff, but when the great, the good and the distinguished, including on that day the staff of an Allied Legation, rolled in as usual for their air raid luncheon, that luncheon bore no trace of air raid either in its constitution, its cooking or its service.

Another side of Prunier service which fits in with thoughts of Christmas presents to be chosen, bought, packed and posted, is the list of delicacies you can have sent to your friends and relations, with special reference to those in the Forces, stuck maybe in Aberystwyth or Ashton-under-Lyne with only the dream of Prunier meals to atone for local culinary inadequacies.



Prunier's personal taxis
whisk you to (and fro)

The May Fair

THE May Fair certainly packs them in these nights. Admirals and able seamen, bombardiers and brigadiers jostle on the dance floor and rub shoulders at the supper tables in a fashion possibly contrary to the diehards' idea of good order and discipline, but very much in tune with this democratic war. Over all Massara keeps the flag flying (and as far as the staff is concerned from Massara himself downwards it is an all-British flag) with the motto "Service for the Services."

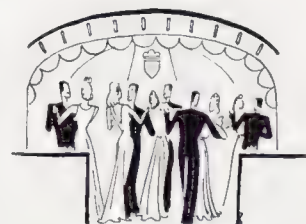
You'll see how much the Services and other Londoners appreciate it if you're foolish enough to try to get a table after nine o'clock, by which time Jack Jackson's trumpet is in full mute and thought of bombs has receded far from the underground garden which is the May Fair's restaurant-cum-air raid shelter.

And if your thoughts do turn to unpleasantness outside, remember that on the roof a team of ex-Service experts, led by ex-Petty Officer Sam Sprawson of the torpedoed "Hogue" (last war) and Reg Parsons, are watching your interests. And Reg, on account of the average time he takes to deal with the incendiary bombs which fall his way, has earned the nickname of Ten Second Tony.

In this security you will be listening nightly to Magda Kun, who has come back to the May Fair with a satchelful of Central Europe's newest song hits, straight (which nowadays means via New York) from her home town, Budapest. And to reinforce the Mitteleuropa atmosphere, Vivien Paget, "last girl out of Warsaw" where she was singing at the Hotel Bristol in last year's fateful September, croons for broadcasts on Thursdays.

The New Queen's

RIGHTLY is he called Cope. Though carnations may be unobtainable Mr. Cope of the New Queen's has never faltered. It is now no secret even from the censor that a biggish bomb fell in Leicester Square once upon a raid. And the New Queen's being in Leicester Square, the New Queen's felt it fall. The steel shutter which guards those hospitable doors what time the law bids them be no longer hospitable went with the wind and Mr. Cope, sleeping down in his brasserie, got a nasty jolt. But he coped. And it is a safe bet that none of those who flocked as usual to the Queen's next day noticed any



Lots of people dance at the
New Queen's now

(Continued on page 362)

LANSDOWNE

BERKELEY SQUARE

LUNCH
DINNER
DANCING
SUPPER

LANSDOWNE ROW

30 feet under ground

TIM CLAYTON

and his
ORCHESTRA

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1 portion 5/-
3 portions 14/-

Homard
à l'Américaine
2 portions 14/-
5 portions 32/6

Pâté de Lapereau
4 portions 7/6

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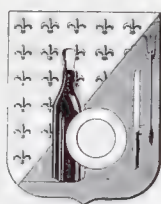
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featuring DOROTHY CARLESS
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BRAND
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- a heritage from
the highlands

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON, LTD., PERTH, SCOTLAND.

Round the Restaurants

(Continued from page 361)

difference, though behind the scenes their dinners were being cooked on a hurriedly scrounged brazier.

But now all is as it was, in front of, as well as behind, the scenes. It only goes to show that it will take more than a bomb to upset the Queen's.

Other news is that the Queen's is again open at lunchtime, the customers having very quickly shown that any innovation by which the place became less available was going to leave them howling like hungry wolves at the door.

And in the evenings now there is (as was exclusively foreshadowed in these columns last month) dancing as a regular thing. Just as Java was always able to have everybody singing almost before they had got in the door, he now has everybody dancing, and singing from half-past eight on.

Local hit is the signature tune, Mr. Cope's and Java's own combined effort, which is very hush-hush. "What's it called?" I asked Mr. Cope. "Some call it one thing, and some call it another," he replied. "What's it about?" I asked. "Well . . ." said Mr. Cope. You'd better go along and find out for yourselves anyway. It's worth it, and it's by no means the only thing at the Queen's that is.

Hatchett's

TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR service, I said last month, is Hatchett's watchword. And during all the intervening twenty-four hours, Gerold has been on the job, through gaslessness and thislessness and thatlessness, waiting while an enormous electric stove was transported under conditions of inconceivable difficulty from Manchester to provide yet another line of defence against the unthinkable contingency that Hatchett's service might even slightly be interfered with.

That has not happened, nor with such resource at work will it ever happen while it is within the power of man (plus a little since the man is Gerold) to keep on serving first-class food and fine wine in an atmosphere which is Hatchett's own.

Apart from its gastronomic joys and the comfort and charm of its sofas, I suppose it is the Swingtet and the music they turn out which more than anything draws the Services, especially the younger members thereof, to Hatchett's. Nightly these eleven musicians (and they are all *musicians*) enjoy themselves on the stand. Which is as important to the customers as to the players. There is something about a band which is obviously playing for the fun of the thing which infects its audience and has it cavorting on the floor as it has never before cavorted. You won't be able to resist the Swingtet; they can't resist themselves.



Dennis Moonan
presides over
Hatchett's ten-piece
Town-Goers (the
eleventh piece is a
lady vocalist)



Thirty below and all
swell at the Lansdowne
(née Cinema)
Restaurant

The Lansdowne

FITTING successor to Raimu, master of the jovial, is Tim Clayton who, with his band, now holds the stage which Raimu's image once adorned. For what most of us remember as the Lansdowne Cinema is now the Lansdowne Restaurant, and the portentous gaucheries of Fernandel have given place to the quiet suavity of Fernandez, as welcoming and efficient thirty feet below ground (lovers of quiet please note) as he was at street level.

In the evenings the brave and the fair gather under his friendly eye to enjoy food and entertainment up to a standard which needs no more than to be labelled "Lansdowne"

to recommend itself as a regular evening-out assignment.

At lunchtime those round Mayfair who believe in lunching properly flock along to meals capped by Stilton and vintage port. This last the Lansdowne now serves by the glass, an important innovation at a time when few people want to break into a bottle, but when many feel that a glass of the real stuff (Croft '24 as a matter of fact) is exactly what they need to fortify themselves for an afternoon of administration or what have you.

Just to back up Fernandez on the service is another top-liner, Louis from Quag's, and between the two of them they leave no gaps to poke a criticism through. Next time anybody suggests a trip to the movies, make it the Lansdowne. He (or she) will be far too satisfied with what is there to complain that he (or she) has been led astray.

Come to think of it, why wait to be asked? Ring up the girl friend now and try the joke on her. I grant you it's not much of a joke, but any excuse for a Lansdowne party justifies itself before the evening's out.

A L'Ecu de France

I WOULDN'T go so far as to say that the Cabinet and the General Staff tucks its napkin under its collective chin and rolls up its sleeves before settling down to the job of truly savouring an Ecu meal. But that is more or less the atmosphere. The food's the thing. And the imposing array of red tabs and oak leaves that adorn the uniforms of L'Ecu's regulars go to show that food is a subject on which those who direct the war are well informed.

While in no way discounting the claims of L'Ecu as the place for a quiet party of gourmets, I would say that it is above all a place where one can enjoy eating alone. That is a sign of its essential Frenchness; for what Frenchman has the English disdain of a solitary meal? To them the food is of sufficient importance to forbid distraction.

There are precious few restaurants in London which need no frills to their food, and among them L'Ecu de France stands high. There is no ostentation to their service, no circenses to their panes, but every one from the head waiter to little François who came over with the last destroyer out of Boulogne, his former home, will combine to see that you get the best of French cooking in the best possible conditions.

And the drinks are to match, with a wonderful selection of wines en carafe. Their Beaujolais, for instance, is not only the cheapest wine in a by no means exorbitant list, but is the best Beaujolais I have tasted outside Beaujolais' home ground.



A rich Don's patio has nothing on Martinez' sherry lounge

Martinez

THERE is something devilishly cautious about the Englishman's choice of his eating houses. French cooking, yes; Italian, perhaps. But beyond that he fights very shy, until he gets taken to a place such as M. Martinez' delightful Spanish restaurant in Swallow Street. Then he will rave about his "discovery" to friends who shake their heads and whisper that he must be going native—until they themselves get taken along. M. Martinez has watched that process going on ever since 1923 when he first opened his restaurant, and by now has a host of friends who have made their discovery, and having made Why should they?

it have never looked back.

The best way to introduce yourself to the charms of Martinez is to go along one cocktail time, and settle down in the restful, faintly Moorish atmosphere of the Aperitivo Andaluz to a glass of really good sherry, a wine which bears no relation to the vinegars which all too often pass under that distinguished name in this country.

And you can have your drink or drinks without any one expecting you to proceed up the staircase decorated with Spanish tiles, to a meal.

But that doesn't mean you won't be a fool if you don't. Once you have mounted those stairs and tried the inexpensive (this should be emphasised nowadays) delights of a Martinez meal washed down, if you are wise, with a Rioja from Bilbao way, you'll surely mount them regularly.

Or if M. Martinez' current plans come to fruition, descending them maybe to eat the same food in his admirably decorated cellar.

The Shepherd's Tavern

SUCH havoc as the Luftwaffe has managed to wreak in Mayfair has on occasion made things difficult for Oscar. But never has it made things difficult or even mildly inconvenient for Oscar's friends, meaning those who patronise Shepherd's. While he has been putting on that extra spurt of hard work the times now and then make necessary to keep things going as if the bombing aeroplane had never been invented, Oscar is never too occupied for the friendly greeting and personal solicitude which give Shepherd's its special charm. The personal touch is always there to make the veriest tyro feel the place is run for his especial benefit and the habitué certain that this is home.

In the comfortable bar and upstairs where they serve absurdly good meals at absurdly cheap prices, Oscar is at work to see that nothing lacks. Unostentatiously he lets nothing interfere with the smoothness of his service.

And what stuff he serves. From the simple splendid food in the restaurant to the monumental variety of drinks (Shepherd's incidentally is one of the few places in London where you can still get Pimm's No. 2 and 3) which Freda and Aileen so charmingly dispense across their bar, all at practically pub price, all is perfect.

Like the perfect pianist, Oscar not only does not strike wrong notes; he gives you the feeling that it would be impossible for him to do so.

PETER HUME.



L'Ecu caters for the bourgeoisie as well as the mighty



Oscar loves the Services, the Services love Oscar

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THE NEW

Queens

BRASSERIE

FULLY LICENSED FOR LUNCHEONS AND DINNERS

Dancing to Java and his Orchestra

NEXT THE EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.

SHEPHERD'S

Mayfair's Rendezvous

Let's make it
Shepherd's today

"The men's restaurant
that women like"

—THE BYSTANDER



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DISTILLERS OF FINE GIN FOR OVER 135 YEARS

Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

THE Golfers' "Spitfire" Fund, with ten per cent to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, is in being, with a committee of Lady Heathcoat-Amory, Miss Pam Barton, Mrs. Gordon Black, Mr. Bernard Darwin, Mr. J. H. Taylor, Mrs. J. B. Watson and myself. The first hundred pounds is already in the bank; co-operation on foot with the L.G.U.; a generous offer of acknowledgment in *Fairway and Hazard*, and a scheme almost complete for the promotion of healthy rivalry between the clubs. That, of course, must be the main basis of any concerted effort, but even before that can be put in motion, and before the appeal has even appeared in print, individuals hearing of the fund, have responded.

There is a noble army of five-pounders, the reigning women's and girl champions among them, together with Lady Denman and Miss M. E. Phillips, Mr. J. H. Taylor and Mrs. Dunlop Hill; there is Miss D. I. Clark's £20, and an anonymous £55, that donor having characteristically promised £50—and then added her own ten per cent for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.

Donations should now be addressed to me, c/o THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, 32 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, made payable to Golfers' "Spitfire" Fund and crossed Lloyds Bank.

YARNS after the war are one of the things to be looked forward to, most especially where that queen of raconteurs, Miss Betty Dix Perkin, is to be met. It seems, at the moment, almost a waste that she should be in so extremely secret a department of W.A.A.F. that for the duration

she can say positively nothing about it. But even now she can make a good story out of herself in her old inimitable style.

Somebody met her the other day somewhere in the wilds of Wiltshire convalescing. She had stopped a piece of shrapnel with that portion of the anatomy which the best iron-players, notably Miss Cecil Leitch and Mrs. J. B. Watson, allege should be made as prominent as possible when addressing the ball and throughout the shot. Presumably it should not be so when it is a case of being hit, not of hitting, but quite possibly this poor W.A.A.F. had no choice in the matter and had merely to take what was coming to her. But she still made good telling out of it.

Meantime, though this page has no intention of starting an item comparable to "The Shot of the Week" which once adorned it, there is no doubt of friends innumerable wanting to congratulate her on "The Escape of the Week."

I RAN into one of those good fellows, the Press photographers, the other day, when in desperation at a bus shortage, I attempted to do a little hitch-hiking. It was before the days of help your neighbour, but he did it just the same, and we swapped war news, recalled golfing occasions when he and I had toiled round in wet or sun seeking something new, and scurried for trains and checked up names and initials.

They really toil hard those golfing Press photographers; for there can be no photography by proxy; the prey must be personally stalked—and then perhaps the scoop spoilt by the coming of a rival at the critical moment. There are black sheep of course who get in the wrong place and click at the wrong moment, but the regulars are good sportsmen under difficult conditions. My lifter was ever one of the white sheep.

Another good samaritan one day was Mrs. Peter Gold; to me, legging it frantically along the road A 3; it seemed as if her Civil

Defence armlet should more properly be worn as a halo.

REVERTING to W.A.A.F.'s, one of the latest recruits is Miss Enid Wilson, who is up in the north, and specialising on the equipment side. Her work for Lillywhites ought to make her especially valuable in that way, and it is splendid to think that her brains are now enlisted in the direct service of her country. When last heard of she was with Miss Coon Downes, that Yorkshire golfer who hit the ball such a long way but never arrived in the high position in the golfing world which always seemed just round the corner for her.

ELIZABETH PRICE, who won the Craig Challenge Bowl at the 1938 Girls' Championship, and did well for Surrey II the following spring, will need some enticing back to her home county after the war—or will she be a young apostle of golfing culture in a new county of Herefordshire?

After dire escapes from bombs and other unpleasantness, her home is now in quieter climes, where her father is busy farming, and Elizabeth and her mother hard at work doing likewise.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

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Mr.

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Novel Dressing Cape

This novel Dressing Cape is specially designed for use in these days of emergency and shelter sleeping. It is made in broad rib corduroy velveteen, fitting on shoulders and then falls full to ankle. There is plenty of room to dress underneath, and being lined throughout with attractive terry towelling makes it ideal for bathroom use. The hood is becoming, and there are two pockets inside for toilet accessories and slots for the hands. Colours: Wine, Royal, Dusky rose, and Almond. Price 55/-

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Letter From America

(Continued from page 331)

to run the American-Polish Memorial Committee which has contributed towards making these emblems permanent fixtures. Mrs. Ogden Reid, that remarkable woman who runs the *New York Herald Tribune* for her husband (whom she married when his father was American Ambassador in London and she his mother's secretarial lady-in-waiting), contributed generously, along with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Will Hays, President of Motion Picture Producers, and "Barnie" Baruch, usually described as a "financial wizard." Actually he is a hyper-intelligent old man who has been behind a good many Governments in his day; and is now comparatively quiescent.

Disney Does His Bit

NOT to be outdone by Charlie Chaplin's generosity, Walt Disney gave the world première of *Fantasia* to the British War Relief Society, which, not to be outdone by Bundles for Britain, put it over at the Broadway Theatre on November 19. Another Big Night under the patronage of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Mrs. Van Gerbig (Dorothy Fell, Lady Granard's niece), to mention only a few you know.

Juniors helping included Kathleen Kennedy, of the Nine Kennedys, Esme O'Brien, whom the papers tried to turn into another Brenda Frazier, and Audrey Iselin, a lovely girl who is expected to marry Mr. Perry Osborne's son, "Perry" himself being the son of a remarkable father who founded the New York Museum of Natural History.

Fantasia is accompanied by Bach's Toccata

and Fugue, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony (No. 6), Tchaikowsky's "Nutcracker" Suite, Dukas's "Sorcerer Apprentice," Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring," Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours," Moussorgsky's "Night on Bare Mountain," and Schubert's "Ave Maria," conducted by Leopold Stokowski (who used to go around with Garbo) with the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Whether we shall like human actors in a Disney is autre chose.

Over Here

MORE or less well-knowns who have reached these shores in safety include Edward Eyre (Lady Gainsborough's brother) and his wife (one of Lord Acton's many sisters) and their six children; Lady Gormanston, whose youthful husband was reported missing after Dunkirk, and her infant son, who preceded her and has been some months with Mrs. Harold Knowlton in Chicago; the Russian Colonel Maller, who used to be around St. Moritz, with his pretty English wife, once a Gilbey; Sir Cecil and Lady Carr (he lecturing on law at Columbia University); blonde Mrs. Gunning, wife of the Judge Advocate-General of Edinburgh, and their baby; and the widowed Mrs. William Fiske III. She was luncheon with Camilla Aldao at the Colony just after her father-in-law's funeral.

Meanwhile Mrs. George Repton was giving one of her good-works luncheons in the Sert Room, where two former Deauvilleois, George Richard and R. B. Strassburger (who is starting a big stable here), also eat. Walter Chrysler has bought Lady Maryland, a good mare, and is going to put her to Bahram, I hear from Mr. Henry McDaniel, the Chryslers' trainer, who is one of the most entertaining older characters on the American Turf. He should write his memoirs with, if need be, a ghost writer in the idiom of Mr. D. Runyon.

Highland Gathering in North Carolina

THERE may not have been an Argyllshire Gathering this autumn—alas! there was not!—yet the clans gathered fifteen thousand strong in North Carolina under the chieftainship of the McNeil of Barra, who travelled specially from his place on Long Island, to be received with appropriate war cries.

Thousands of Highlanders fled to the Carolinas after the '45, and their descendants can dance, sing, pipe, and toss cabers as well as any Highlanders at home. McNeils predominate in the Fayetteville Valley, where the pageant and games were held; therefore the local school band wears McNeil tartan.

There was a realistic reconstruction of the Battle of Moore's Creek, which ended the Royalist power in the valley in 1775. Another episode depicted the conflict between the Jacobite Scots, who settled there with Flora Macdonald after Culloden, and the earlier Scots settlers who were anti-Royalist Covenanters. Quite a scene. After the American Revolution many Scots moved to Nova Scotia, but enough stayed to populate North Carolina's valleys more densely with Scots (uncrossed by other breeds) than any area in the U.S. today.

CORRECTION.—Under the wedding picture of Flight Lieut. W. F. Blackadder, D.S.O., and Miss Patricia Kayll in our issue of November 13, the name of the bride's mother should have read Mrs. S. W. Pumphrey.

TO OUR READERS: Owing to exceptional circumstances, readers of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER may receive delivery later than the publishing date. Although making every effort to arrange for punctual delivery, our readers are nevertheless requested to accept their copies should there be delay owing to conditions over which our publisher has no control.

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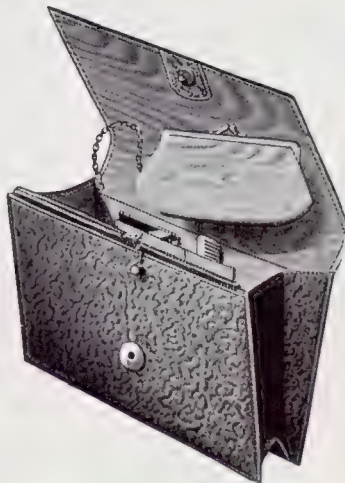
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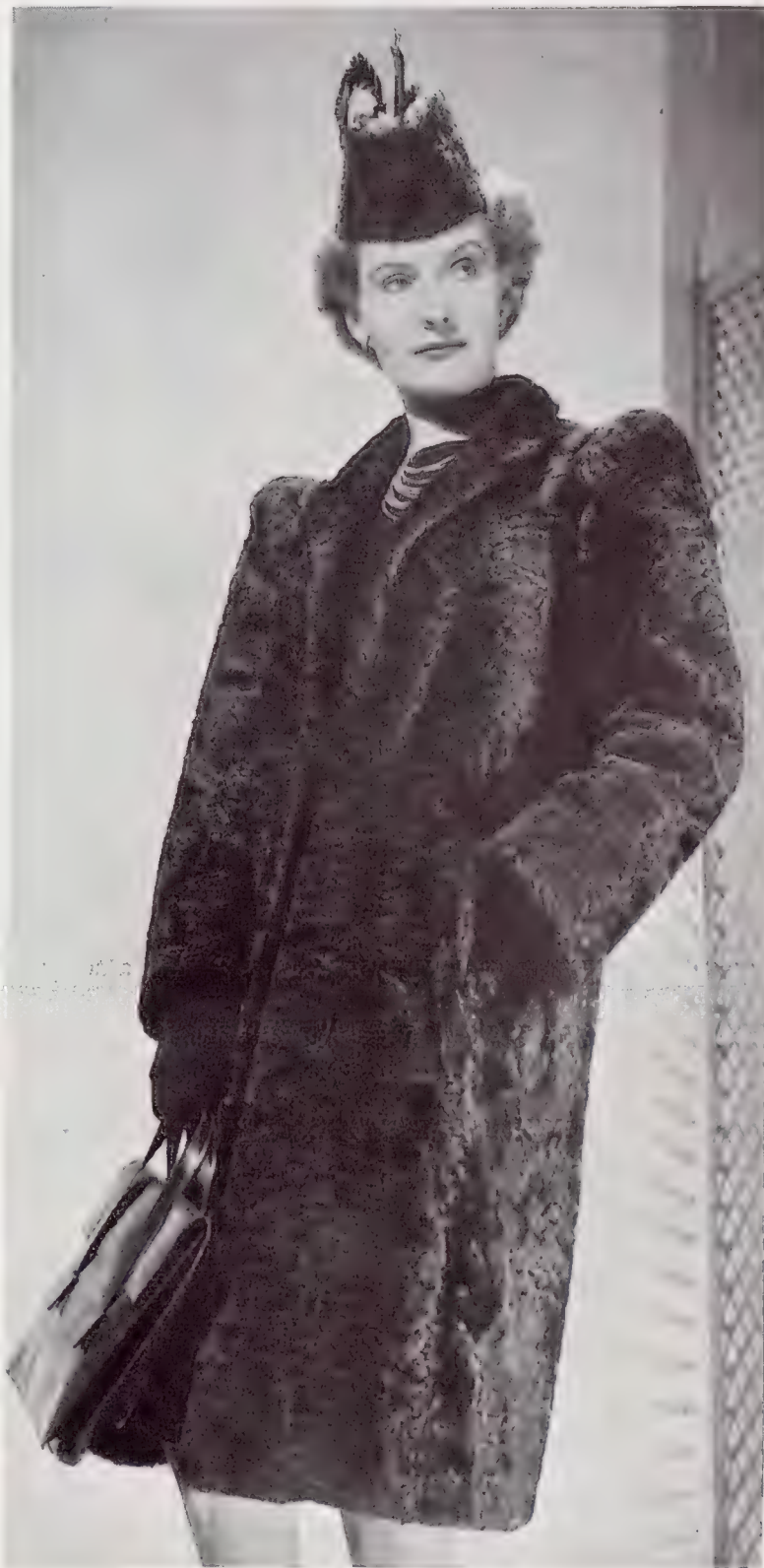
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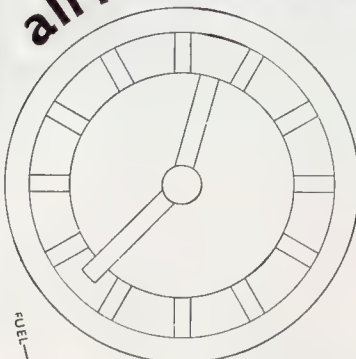
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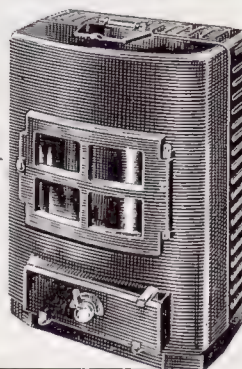
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—Men never change, darling. They still fall in love with brainless blondes, they still make us miserable . . . and silly women like us adore them in consequence.

—You're not silly, Grandmother.

—No, but I've pretended to be silly all my life with the greatest success. When I was a girl, men were after me like flies round a jam pot.

—Don't you think brains are important in a woman?

—Of course! It takes a clever brain to appear charmingly silly all your life without anyone suspecting you're not!

—Why is it that men don't fall in love with girls like me?

—You're not sufficiently feminine—you don't know how to make the best of your skin—and you don't know how to flirt.

—I think flirting is terribly boring.

—My dear child, how you shock me!

—Men don't bother to pay me pretty compliments. They just offer me a cigarette and then talk about cricket or sex according to which public school they went to.

—Modern girls allow men to treat them like equals . . . a great mistake. They think their beauty and their beauty treatments just a matter of make up—another great mistake.

—How can I improve myself, Grandmother?

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